NEW MASSES

APRIL 19, 1938 FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY

Labor Unity and the Elections

By Congressman J. T. Bernard

The Army That's Defeating Japan

By Anna Louise Strong

By Their Writings You Shall Know Them

By Moissaye J. Olgin

Clarence Darrow: Infidel and Softie

By Meyer Levin

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THIS IS OUR LAST APPEAL

LAST week we asked: "How would you like to end this NEW MASSES financial drive?" And this week we make our final appeal to you in this space. Receipts up to last Saturday toward our $20,000 goal totaled $15,465.45. When the campaign started last February, it was a life and death matter for NEW MASSES. Now there remains only $4534.55 to go.

Space in our magazine is valuable to us and to you. Every inch that we consume with financial appeals robs us of some of this space. We want to use this page to tell you more about what we are doing and planning, more about our contributors, more about the thousand-and-one happenings intimately connected with NEW MASSES and with you.

From now on we will print only the box-score of the financial drive. We'll let you know how near we are to the $20,000 fund that is indispensable for the security of NEW MASSES for the next year. All we need is a final push to reach the goal. We depend on you and we have no doubts that we will get that essential $20,000.

This is the way to do it:

We have sent coin cards to every NEW MASSES subscriber. If each subscriber fills the card and sends it to us this week, we should reach our goal. Those readers who have not received coin cards, or who think they can fill a second card, can get get them by writing to 31 East 27th Street, New York City.

Your response to the drive has given us new confidence. But it is time to end this drive. You can do it by an immediate answer to this, our final appeal.

BETWEEN OURSELVES

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT, Professor of English Literature at the University of Chicago and an editor of the *New Republic,* will be the chairman of the Earl Browder-Frederick J. Libby debate at Madison Square Garden, Wednesday evening, May 4.

Since the debate between Frederick J. Libby and Earl Browder has been scheduled for May 4, the lecture by Granville Hicks on "Proletarian Literature Today," scheduled for the same evening, has been postponed. Mr. Hicks' lecture will be held on Wednesday evening, May 18.

Organizations buying twenty or more tickets for the Earl Browder-Frederick J. Libby debate are being offered a liberal discount by NEW MASSES. Call Tiba Garlin, NEW MASSES office, CAledonia 5-3076 for detailed information.

Lively enthusiasm for the first NEW MASSES ball in Los Angeles history is reported by our West Coast representative, Alfred O'Malley. He writes: "The tremendous turnout for the recent anti-fascist Thomas Mann mass meeting — 7000 people — is an index of the great progressive movement here — a movement which is also excited over the prospect of the first NEW MASSES ball outside New York. For example, there is already a considerable ticket sale in the movie colony." Details about the affair are given in the ad on page 28.

The American League for Peace and Democracy is inaugurating a series of radio broadcasts on Thursday evenings at 9 p.m. over WMCA in New York. The series will be called "Voices for Peace," and among those who will participate in the near future are Hanns Eisler and Ernst Toller.

Uncle Tom's Children, by Richard Wright, the winner of *Story* Magazine's national contest for W.P.A. writers, reviewed in NEW MASSES of March 29, is the Book Union selection for April.

Bruce Minton will speak on "Labor Faces the 1938 Elections" at the Roger Smith, 40 E. 41st St., New York City, on Wednesday evening, April 20.

Who's Who

JOHN T. BERNARD, Farmer-Labor Congressman from Minnesota, has appeared in NEW MASSES before, . . . Anna Louise Strong, author of *China's Millions, I Change Worlds,* and other books, is an authority on China and the Soviet Union. She has recently returned from China. . . . Meyer Levin, a former newspaperman, is the author of *The Old Bunch.* He is motion-picture critic for *Esquire.* . . . Moissaye Olgin is editor of the Jewish *Morning Freiheit.* A new book by him, *Russian Revolution: A Story of Twenty Years,* will be published in May by Modern Age Books. . . . Margaret Schlauch, an editor of *Science and Society* is asociate professor of English at New York University. . . . Samuel Bernstein, author of *Beginnings of Marxian Socialism in France,* has recently published two articles on "Babeuf and Babeuvism" in *Science and Society.* . . . Eugene Holmes is a member of the faculty at Howard University.

The sculpture of Maurice Glickman, reproduced on page 22, is on view at the W.P.A. Federal Art Project Exhibition of sculpture at the Federal Art Gallery in New York City. The exhibition closes April 16. . . . Del is the creator of one of the country's few really top-notch cartoon strips—"Little Lefty," which appears in the *Daily* and *Sunday Worker.*

Flashbacks

PAUL REVERE, whose name was borrowed by those who recently rode the cushions to Washington to stop progress, made his midnight ride on horseback, April 19, 1775, calling on Americans to defend themselves against reaction. That day a pitched battle at Lexington marked the beginning of this country's First Revolution, and exactly eight years later, April 18, 1783 victory having been won, Washington proclaimed hostilities at an end. . . . The poet Byron, head of an International Brigade supporting the Greek struggle for independence, died of a fever April 19, 1824. "My wealth, my abilities I devoted to her cause," he said of subject Greece before dying. . . . "How do I feel to be out? I feel exactly like the expression on my face," said beaming Charles Krumbein, New York District organizer of the Communist Party who was released from fourteen and a half months in a federal penitentiary on April 17, 1936.

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Two weeks' notice is required for change of address. Notification direct to us rather than to the post office will give the best results.

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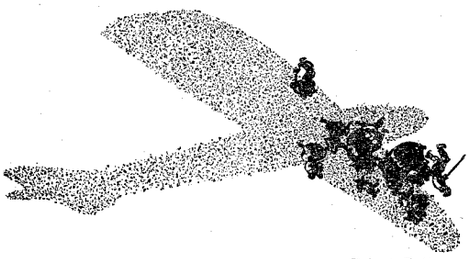
NEW MASSES
APRIL 19, 1938



Robert Patterson

America's Guilt in Spain

An Editorial

OVER the graves of the Americans who have lost their lives in the recent fighting in Spain there ought to be placed a simple epitaph: *Killed by the Neutrality Act.* This is no mere figure of speech; it is grim, inescapable truth. The guns of the fascist invaders are today killing American boys, their bombers are murdering helpless women and children, their legions are overrunning the soil of the Spanish Republic, thanks to the European "non-intervention pact" and to our own Neutrality Act which, in violation of all international law, have denied arms to the legitimate government of Spain while permitting tons of material for Franco to pour in from fascist Germany, Italy, and other sources. In a letter to Secretary of State Hull, Paul J. Kern, head of the New York Civil Service Commission and chairman of the Lawyers' Committee on American Relations with Spain, declared:

> Our committee feels that the embargo legislation enacted by the United States government has directly contributed towards, and is partly responsible for, the present critical condition of the Spanish government and its people.

And the day after this was made public the German freighter *Bochum* was reported to be loading at Philadelphia twenty thousand aerial bombs which undoubtedly will be transshipped to Franco—with the blessings of the Neutrality Act.

The Neutrality Law and the embargo on Spain are founded on the philosophy that as between the fascist aggressor and the country defending itself against aggression, the United States must take no sides, but, on the contrary, must bar arms and loans to both the well-armed gangster and his poorly armed victim. In this way, it is claimed, we will be completely neutral and will reduce the chances of involvement in this or any future conflict. Since the passage of the Neutrality Act on May 1, 1937, the whole fallacious philosophy on which it is based has been publicly repudiated by President Roosevelt—what else was the meaning of his famous Chicago speech of October 5, in which he called for quarantining the aggressors and warned that "there is no escape through mere isolation or neutrality"? It has been repudiated by the State Department—what other interpretation can be placed on the government's failure to invoke the act in the Far Eastern war, on its branding Japan as the aggressor, and on Secretary Hull's speech before the National Press Club on March 17? And this philosophy has, as far as Spain is concerned, been repudiated by the American people—there can be no other conclusion from the Gallup Poll which shows no less than 75 percent of our people favoring the loyalist cause.

And yet this repudiated pro-fascist law continues to stand on the statute books, despite promises of hearings to consider revision or repeal, despite the mounting protest of telegrams, letters, and delegations, despite the agony of Spain where Americans and Spaniards are giving their lives for the ideals on which our own republic was founded.

How long will Americans continue to wear this sign of Cain before the entire world? How long will we permit our foreign policy to be determined by Hitler, Mussolini, the Japanese militarist-fascist cabal, Chamberlain, and our own Hearsts and Father Coughlins? For that is exactly the shameful situation into which the spurious "neutrality" policy has led us. *Those who prate piously about "no entangling alliances" have succeeded in entangling us with the infamous "non-intervention pact" and with the Chamberlain policy of selling out democracy to the fascist aggressors. And in the Far Eastern crisis the Neutrality Act has actually left American foreign policy to be dictated by the Japanese warmakers—should Japan declare war on China, it would cause the automatic invocation of the act no matter what the desires of the Roosevelt administration and the American people might be.*

Dismayed at the disastrous consequences of the operation of the Neutrality Law in the Spanish conflict, certain of the liberals and pacifists who have been among its most ardent defenders have begun to raise timorous voices in behalf of lifting the arms embargo against Spain. The *New Republic* in its April 6 issue adopts this position while at the same time insisting on the invocation of the act in the Sino-Japanese war. Even such meager and faltering half-steps away from "neutrality" are to be welcomed. Yet the *New Republic* and those for whom it speaks still refuse to recognize that the Spanish embargo is the child of the isolationist philosophy to which they stubbornly cling. They still fail to see that the Neutrality Act imposes an embargo not only on Spain, *but on world democracy, and is a menace to the peace and security of the United States.* And they fail to understand that the driving forces behind isolationism are not the *New Republic,* not the pacifist groups, not the Bruce Blivens and Frederick Libbys and Mavericks and LaFollettes, but big-business reaction and fascism at home and abroad. A Rome despatch by James M. Minifie

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in the New York *Herald-Tribune* of December 19, 1937, stated:

> It is clearly realized here that disregard of the American flag and of American lives and property by the Japanese is more likely than anything else to stir America out of her isolationism.
>
> This is the last event Italy wants to see, for her plans are based on the United States remaining aloof from world affairs. So long as the United States need not be taken into consideration, the members of the anti-Comintern pact—Italy, Germany, and Japan—feel they can handle any development, for their strength is so strategically distributed about the world that there is little England, France, and Russia can do, even supposing England and Russia could be brought to work together.

Thus, the policy which the liberal isolationists advocate is the very policy which Hitler, Mussolini, and the Mikado desire the United States to follow. And should it not be a cause of grave concern to Congressman Maverick, who has fought so well for the cause of progress on many domestic issues, to learn that the members of Congress who are most frequently and approvingly quoted by the regimented Japanese press are, according to the New York *Times* of February 16, "Representatives Joseph B. Shannon of Missouri, Hamilton Fish of New York, George H. Tinkham of Massachusetts, Maury Maverick of Texas, and Henry C. Luckey of Nebraska, and Senators Gerald P. Nye of North Dakota, Hiram W. Johnson of California, and William E. Borah of Idaho"?

Isolation is really a misnomer and an economic and political delusion. The issue is not collective security versus "isolation," but *the policy of collective efforts to maintain peace by the peace-seeking peoples and governments of the capitalist democracies and the Socialist democracy of the Soviet Union versus the policy of collective aggression and war by the Rome-Berlin-Tokyo axis and its reactionary collaborators in all countries.* This is the alternative facing humanity.

Except for the half-hearted and inadequate League of Nations sanctions against Italy in the Ethiopian conflict, collective security has never really been tried. And let it be remembered that those who today insist that collective economic measures to halt fascist aggression will mean war are the very ones who in 1935 shouted that League sanctions—which were collective economic measures—would mean war. But Mussolini, being less naïve than some of our liberal friends, did not go to war against the fifty-odd governments that voted sanctions.

On the other hand, what are the achievements of isolation, of the policy of divided action and retreat before the aggressor which the capitalist democracies of Europe and America have been pursuing? Look at the record: two wars now raging on two continents; the independence of one country, Austria, extinguished, and at least four others, Spain, China, Czechoslovakia, and Lithuania, threatened with a similar fate; Hitler become the bully of Europe; the Rome-Berlin-Tokyo axis assuming dominance in Brazil and other Latin American countries; and the entire world brought to the brink of catastrophe. *What reason is there to suppose that the same policy will in the future not bear the same and even more terrible fruit?* As Secretary Hull said in his speech before the National Press Club: "Isolation is not a means to security; it is a fruitful source of insecurity."

In his opening message to the present session of Congress, President Roosevelt promised the American people that he would not let them down. That pledge certainly covers foreign as well as domestic policy. One can appreciate the difficulties involved in attempting to secure a reversal of the Neutrality Act, yet the fact remains that the administration has done precious little to implement the splendid words of Roosevelt's Chicago speech. And only a few days after Hull's excellent National Press Club address, the administration forces, yielding to reactionary pressure, canceled the hearings on the O'Connell Peace Bill and other measures designed to translate into law the Roosevelt-Hull statements and throw the weight of America actively on the side of peace. In the words of Raymond Leslie Buell, president of the Foreign Policy Association:

> A policy of verbally inveighing against aggression, and yet in fact giving aid to aggressors is wholly incomprehensible. To protect the interests of the United States and the good name of the American people, this policy should be changed.

This means: repeal the Neutrality Act. Make the Chicago speech the policy of the American government. The peril to American and world democracy calls for the following program:

1. The President should immediately exercise the discretionary powers vested in him by the Neutrality Act and lift the Spanish embargo. No congressional action is necessary for this.
2. Hearings should be held by the House Foreign Affairs Committee on proposals to create a genuine peace policy for the United States, based on the Chicago speech and not on the wishes of Hitler, Mussolini, the Mikado, Hearst, Coughlin, Hoover, *et al.* This policy should distinguish between the aggressor and the victim of aggression; it should provide for embargoing arms, loans, credits, and war materials of every type to the former while making them available to the latter; it should be designed to uphold the Kellogg-Briand Pact and the Nine-Power Treaty which are part of our traditional national policy.
3. In accordance with the above, the United States should take the initiative in establishing coöperation of all the peace-seeking peoples and governments along the same lines. Such initiative would undoubtedly have a powerful effect in England. It would strengthen the opposition to the treacherous Chamberlain policy, and, should the Tory Cabinet persist in its pro-fascist course, might very well be an important factor in ousting it.

With the world aflame, this is no time for temporizing. Let the American people speak in a voice that the members of Congress, the President, and the State Department cannot ignore. To those who say, when the blood of Spain cries from the ground, "Am I my brother's keeper?" let the answer be: my brother is myself. Democracy cannot die in any part of the world without death being brought nearer to the door of American democracy. Peace cannot be assaulted anywhere without America's peace being sapped and shaken.

Mr. President: will you keep faith with your Chicago speech, with peace and democracy—with the American people?

We call on our readers to wire or write at once to President Roosevelt, Secretary Hull, and Chairman Sam McReynolds of the House Foreign Affairs Committee, urging action on the above program. Wipe the sign of Cain from American democracy!

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Labor Unity and the Elections

By Congressman J. T. Bernard

A radio address over the Columbia network, March 22.

FRIENDS of the radio audience, as a worker I speak this afternoon to my fellow workers of America, organized and unorganized, workers from the farms, the mills, the factories, and the mines. As a Farmer-Labor congressman, I speak to all progressive people who make common cause with workers and for other citizens, labor has won face our democracy.

You all know that in the last two years American labor has marched ahead. It has swept four million unorganized workers into the trade-union ranks. The walls of open-shop fortresses have come tumbling down when labor blew the trumpet for union recognition. In many industries, wage increases, union contracts, and better working conditions testify to victories on the economic front.

Not only for itself but also for non-union workers and for other citizens labor has won recognition. Where it organized, it implemented the Bill of Rights. It ripped the padlock off the halls and meeting places in many company towns, opening them to free discussion of issues vital to all progressives. In enforcing the rights guaranteed it in the Wagner Act, labor enforced for millions of Americans the right of free speech and free assembly.

And, finally, labor made itself a force to be reckoned with in American political life.

You all know this, and you know also that disunity in its own ranks has become a brake on the even greater forward strides of which labor is capable.

All kinds of people are busy explaining and deploring the split between the A. F. of L. and the C.I.O. Enemies of labor make a great show of sorrow over labor's quarrels and offer condolence and advice. They have dressed up as the chief mourners, ready to go to what they hope will be labor's funeral.

True friends of labor hesitate to speak. They recognize that the means by which the two organizations can reconcile their differences must be found by those organizations themselves. The solution cannot be packaged in cellophane and delivered with the compliments of an outsider.

In spite of my reticence about interfering in a family matter, I believe that there is one aspect of the problem on which I have a right to speak. More, as a representative of the Farmer-Labor Party from a great progressive state, it is my plain duty to speak of labor's part in the coming elections where progress and reaction will meet at the polls.

Solid behind President Roosevelt in 1936, American labor answered the threats of Landon, Hearst, and the Liberty League. It voted for progress. And it won. Today that victory is seriously jeopardized. A defeat for the New Deal and for labor in 1938 would go far to wipe out the gains symbolized by the Wagner Act, the Social Security Act, and the Works Progress Administration, inadequate as those measures are. It would restore the reactionaries to power in the state, the local communities and Congress.

But this would be no mere return to 1929. It would signalize something far worse—a long step toward fascism in America. The reactionaries of today are more ruthless and more desperate than they were when Hooverism was in flower. They will stop at nothing to break the back of the trade-union movement, which is the bulwark of democracy. They will stop at nothing in the effort to solve the problem of depression in their own way, by making the workers foot the bill.

You have only to look at the voting record of tory representatives and senators to see what a tory majority would mean. It would mean, at the best, drastic relief cuts; at the worst, no federal relief laws or their repeal altogether (remember the attack on social security in the 1936 elections). Federal housing projects would go by the boards. The utility companies would ride high, wide, and handsome. There would be a return to peonage for farm tenants and to bankruptcy for some farmers. The Wagner Act would be perverted to conform to the Vandenberg amendments and the program of the National Manufacturers Association. It would become a Magna Charta for company unions and a death warrant for free trade-unionism. There would be an open hunting season for strikebreakers and company thugs, armed with machine guns and tear-gas bombs. Civil liberties would be curtailed and strikes outlawed. We should have all America made over to fit the Jersey City pattern.

Wild exaggeration? I am afraid not. Our economic problems are already acute, and the recession continues to recede still further. No program has yet been adopted for "equalizing" the burdens of economic crisis. They weigh with crushing force upon the shoulders of the common people.

Those who cry the loudest about hard times are hurt the least by them. There is the classic example of the General Motors Corp. resting in the comfortable cushion of a $300,000,000 reserve fund. General Motors' Mr. Knudsen called in the press to watch him bounce thirty thousand General Motors workers out of their jobs. Newspapermen were there for the express purpose of hearing Mr. Knudsen an-

A. Ajay

"That's Senator Bluefish. He just stopped being a rubber stamp for F.D.R."

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nounce to the fired men that "this hurts me more than it does you." The little comedy had a political plot—it was staged to tell the nation that reduced taxes and no more union contracts were the ransom General Motors demanded for keeping men at work.

Congress echoes with the wailing of those spokesmen for monopoly who claim to be the victims of a Roosevelt-made depression. But, like General Motors, most of the wailers are well-cushioned. It is the workers and the farmers who are hurt. If you doubt it, compare the profit sheets of the trusts and monopolies with the bankruptcy petitions of little businessmen. Or compare the idle dollars which so-called "lack of confidence" keeps idle, with the fourteen million workers who have lost both confidence and jobs.

In times like these it is clear that big business has the upper hand. It has vast reserves to fall back upon. Workers have only their organized strength to protect their wages and their jobs. Now, business and its political henchmen seek to use their advantage to win a greater power, the political power that will block all progressive legislation, and to let them pass through the depression scot free.

That is why the 1938 elections are so vitally important to labor and to all progressives. The task of holding on to the gains already made and of pushing forward to new gains would be difficult under any circumstances. The depression has added to its difficulties. Disunity in the ranks of labor threatens disaster.

There have been local elections already that show too plainly what can happen. The A. F. of L. and the C.I.O. enter the field, not as political allies, but as bitter foes. They put up opposing slates. They smear each other's candidates. Thousands of middle-class and professional people, the logical supporters of progress, become distrustful of both labor candidates and throw their votes to the reactionary whom everybody has forgotten to expose. The A. F. of L. man is defeated. The C.I.O. man is defeated. The company stooge wins, hands down.

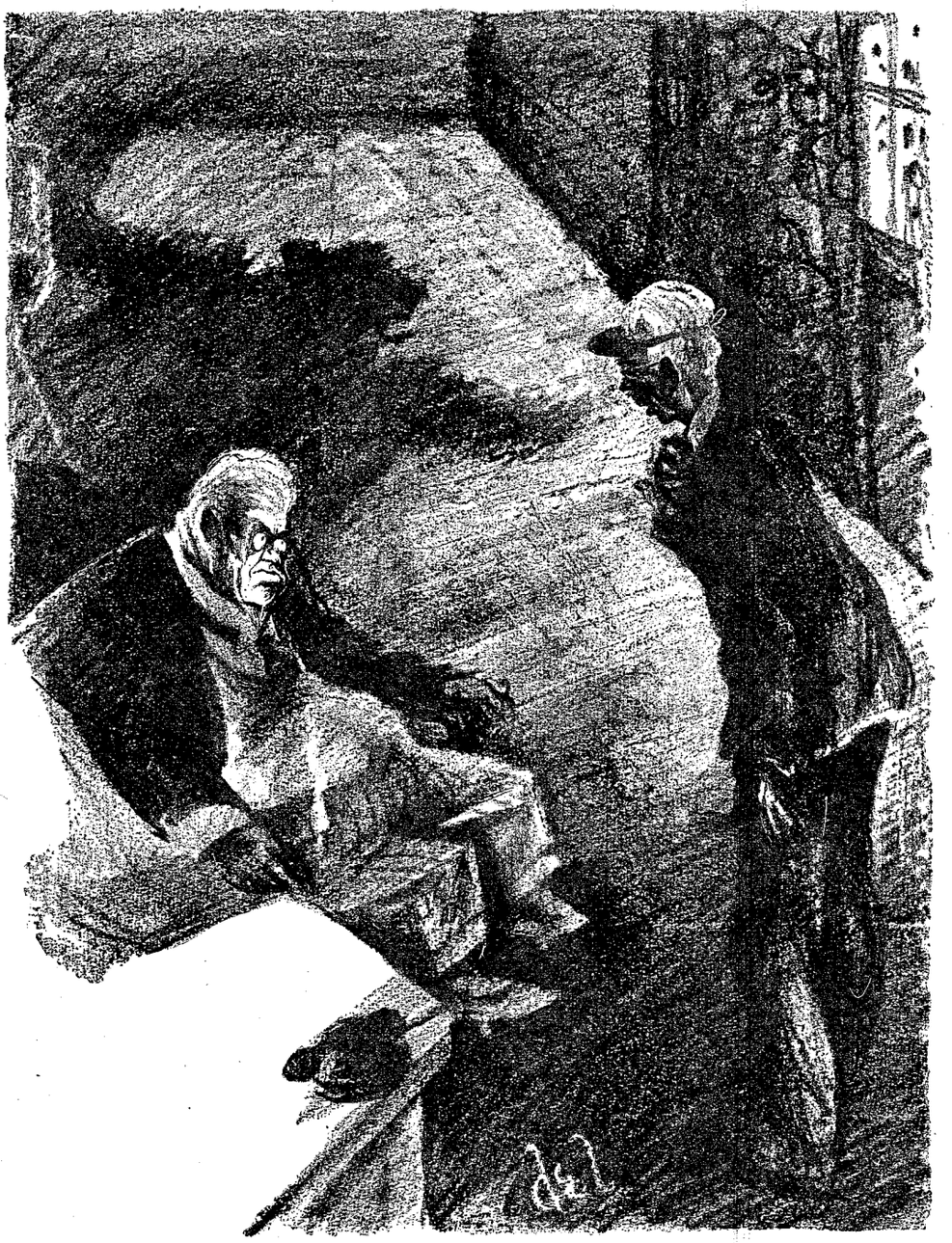
A happier picture is presented by the 1937 elections in New York. There the A. F. of L. and C.I.O. locals laid aside their economic and strictly trade-union differences and got together behind Mayor LaGuardia and the progressive slate. Thousands of progressives from all walks of life followed the lead of labor. Workers and progressives won.

From these two examples you can see the problem, and I think you must agree that it admits of only one solution. Labor must isolate the issue of trade-union activity, solving it in its own time and in its own way. The split cannot be allowed to spread to the political struggles that lie ahead. For here the disunity of labor will bring confusion and disunity to all the forces of progress. The result: a catastrophe for democracy, and the victory of reaction.

The elections present not only a challenge but a great opportunity to labor. It is possible to agree on local issues and on local candidates without acting on the more difficult problems of uniting the two trade-union factions on a national scale, or organizationally. They need only combine in defense of their common political interests and the interests of their progressive allies among the middle class.

I come from the state of Minnesota, where labor has long taken a progressive stand on all economic and political questions. Together with the farmers of my state, workers have licked the political machine of the Steel Trust and sent two senators and five Farmer-Labor representatives to Washington. The Farmer-Labor Party of Minnesota has elected a governor, Elmer A. Benson, of whom it is justly proud. It is the leading party in the state and looks forward to reëlecting Benson by an overwhelming majority and adding to its congressional delegation next fall. The A. F. of L. and the C.I.O. are both represented in Minnesota. But I have no fear that they will allow their differences to weaken the power of the Farmer-Labor Party, to which they have both contributed.

In other states and localities unity in the elections must be built. Here progressives outside of labor's ranks have no need to stand back. On the contrary, they must offer their help in effecting unity around progressive issues. Here both the A. F. of L. and the C.I.O. can and must make concessions. One labor candidate for each office, supported by all labor. One program for all progressives, supported by all who defend democracy. That is the way to an election victory in 1938. That is the way to stop reaction.



Del

"Sorry to have to be overthrowing the government by force and violence, sir, but—I'd like a raise."

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The Army That's Defeating Japan

By Anna Louise Strong

THE Chinese Eighth Route Army, now operating in northern Shansi, is important not alone because it is the recognized Red Army and led by Communists, though that fact shows the strength of the new unity which brings together under one banner armies that have fought each other in civil war for the past ten years. It is important also because it is the most efficient army of its size in China, in the opinion of foreign military observers—I have had opinions from American, German, and British sources on that. It has, furthermore, certain characteristics which the rest of the Chinese armies are increasingly adopting to achieve victory in the struggle against Japan.

Lacking airplanes, big guns, and motorized equipment—as far behind the other armies of China in these respects as they are behind Japan—it is none the less able to play in and out of the Japanese lines and operate confidently far in the rear of the enemy, taking back from their hands whole counties. It achieves its success partly by long practice in mobile fighting, but still more by its close relations with the local Chinese population. It was this that ten years ago proved its potency by bringing the armies of the Kuomintang swiftly across half-China. Subsequently, however, the Chinese government discarded the tactic of establishing close contacts with the people. Today, on every front in China, the need of employing this tactic is increasingly felt, and its need will be greater as the war goes on. Steadily, therefore, though against the normal military and political jealousies, the ideas and methods of the Eighth Route Army are beginning to influence other fronts and armies in this war.

I traveled five days northwest from Hankow to Eighth Route Army headquarters, located in middle Shansi, not far from the headquarters of Marshal Yen Hsi-shan. Marshal Yen is commander-in-chief of the Second War Zone, which includes Shansi and regions farther north. Under him come certain troops of the Central Government, certain provincial troops, and also the Eighth Route Army. Yen told me that all these troops "accept his orders without question." Chu Teh, of Red Army fame, now commander of the Eighth Route forces, told me also that he takes his orders from "the government of Chiang Kai-shek and directly from Marshal Yen Hsi-shan. We pride ourselves," he added, "on being the most obedient and disciplined of the government's armies."

What has brought about this attitude on the part of an army which for ten years was hunted by Chiang Kai-shek over all China? The change in the policy of the Central Government as a result of the invasion by a common national enemy, Japan. "Even as long ago as 1931, when the Japanese invaded Manchuria," said Jen, political commissar of the Eighth Route Army, to me, "we offered to make common cause with any Chinese government or armies that would resist this aggression. Chiang Kai-shek did not believe us; he thought this was mere bluff concealing our desire to overthrow him. We on our part did not believe that Chiang was against Japan; we thought that he was acting on behalf of Japan and against us. Gradually, however, we saw that Chiang, though he was trying to wipe us out of the way first of all, was really preparing to resist Japan. We saw this not from his words, but from the way he built his roads and railroads. So instead of working for a united front of all anti-Japanese forces against Chiang Kai-shek, we began to desire a united front with Chiang against Japan. Then the Sian* incident convinced Chiang also that we did not desire his overthrow, but the uniting of China against Japanese aggression. Since that time coöperation became possible."

Those who through ignorance or malice talk about "soft-pedaling of the class struggle" by the Communists show their lack of understanding of the realities of history. For it is pretty obvious that for China, with any kind of government, to drive out Japanese imperialism would do more for revolutionary progress in China, Japan, and the rest of the Pacific than any other conceivable thing that could happen in the Far East. The only Chinese who oppose this view today are the handful of Trotskyites, who proclaim that the most necessary thing is to use the war to foment class struggle in Chinese villages, and that Chiang Kai-shek is the chief enemy, after whose overthrow alone can begin the decade-long, underground fight against Japan. This certainly is a class-struggle tactic—class struggle in the interests of the Japanese militarist-fascist clique.

THE COUNTRY over which the Eighth Route Army operates is an area twice the size of Belgium. All of it is within the district which foreign war-maps usually assign to Japanese occupation, and most of it is actually behind Japanese lines. I have heard some critics assert that Chiang Kai-shek only gave the Eighth Route Army the territory which the Japanese had already taken, and let them take it back. But I heard no such criticism from anyone in that army. They are proud to be out, not only at the extreme front, but even far beyond the front, moving in and out through enemy lines. For nothing in all China has so increased the morale of the Chinese as this demonstration of how thin the lines of occupation really are.

The Japanese hold the main railway points in northern Shansi. Most military maps, therefore, credit them with holding the northern half of Shansi province. If the inhabitants of Shansi province chose to be submissive, this claim would be a fact. Former imperialist invasions have dominated by holding long, thin lines of railroads, and have used these to exploit the backward hinterlands. But the Shansi population is not submissive; it is organized by the Eighth Route Army, which serves as its fighting arm. Consequently the Japanese are unable to go for more than a mile or two away from the railroad except in temporary armed expeditions. The railroads themselves have been made largely unusable by the Japanese; the north and south line from Tatung to Tai Yuan has been completely put out of commission by the Chinese, while the other roads are daily raided and cut.

The Chinese, meantime, civilians as well as armed forces, travel across these railroad lines almost at will. Sometimes they meet a force of Japanese and engage in battle, but most of the time they merely cross where they choose. There aren't enough Japanese to patrol every mile of railway in sufficient force to resist a surprise attack. The Japanese have tried to prevent crossing the line by compelling Chinese farmers living along the railroad to signal any such crossing, under penalty of having their families wiped out. But this merely leads the Eighth Route Army to cross in lonely places, where they will endanger no Chinese.

In the large rectangle in the northeastern part of Shansi, surrounded on all sides by four railway lines, where Lin Piao, commander of the 115th Division (one of the three Eighth Route Army Divisions), ranges—or did range until he was recently wounded—a territory the size of Belgium, the incredible fact must be recorded that Governor-General Yen Hsi-shan of Shansi province appointed a special civil governor for that area, and sent him out across the Japanese lines to take office, and that this deputy governor reports more revenue collected from this entirely Japanese-surrounded area than in the days of peace—and squeeze—before the war. During my visit to Eighth Route Army headquarters in middle Shansi in January, we received daily radio messages from this Japanese-surrounded region, reporting the movements of an American military observer, traveling on assignment for the American Embassy and taken behind the Japanese lines by the Chinese. Newspaper correspondents may make similar journeys, the only deterrent being

* Chiang Kai-shek was kidnaped by officers of Chang Hsueh Liang, but released when representatives of the Communists hurried to the spot to urge that his immediate release, without demanding any commitments, was the only way to avoid civil war in China.

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that it takes about a month on horseback to go and return.

In this whole northern half of Shansi, therefore, which military maps allot to the Japanese, they have actually taken only twenty-four counties (*hsien* towns) out of a total of 105 for the province and twelve of those twenty-four have been taken back.* Their situation, in fact, appears a precarious one; it would not seem much of a trick to bottle them up entirely by seizing a few mountain passes, and finish them off at will. The Eighth Route Army, in fact, believes that this can be accomplished whenever the Central Government is able to release airplanes, large guns, and motor units for that purpose. These seem at present to be more needed elsewhere; China hasn't enough of them at best.

Meantime hardly a day passes without at least minor engagements. The Eighth Route Army is the only Chinese army which has been in continuous action for the past four months. During my six days' stay in their headquarters more than a dozen reports of engagements were radioed in. They were chiefly minor engagements, involving only a few men.

January 8. One hundred Japanese autos from A.G. going south. Detachment W fell upon them, killed and wounded many, destroyed sixteen autotrucks, burned fifteen, captured three prisoners, five rifles, much ammunition. . . .

Same day. Detachment of Lin Piao's men destroyed for second time railway bridge near Chinchin and burned all nearby repair material.

Same day, another group of Lin Piao's men attacked coal mine held by Japanese, captured radio sending-set and several dozen guards.

January 9. Section of Lin Piao's men attacked railway station held by twenty Japanese, drove them out, destroyed station and one locomotive, and burned gasoline stores.

January 10. Met ninety Japanese autos south of Niangtse Pass, destroyed seventeen, burned eight, captured Japanese radio station, five rifles, two mausers, killed one company commander, one corporal, forty soldiers. . . .

Same day. Another detachment attacked B— coal mine, killed twenty of fifty Japanese guards, rest fled, captured eight rifles, one mauser, destroyed mine.

Same day. Ho Lung's men met two hundred Japanese, killed and wonded over thirty, with ten casualties our side. . . .

January 11. Six hundred Japanese tried attack us near Chinchin, but we learned of it and met them en route, throwing grenades from cliffs, killing and wounding seventy; our casualties, 10.

This is a four days' account of skirmishes; they are pin-pricks rather than serious encounters. Their military significance lies in their steadily wearing effect on the Japanese, who can never be certain of their lines of communications; and the tremendous stimulus they give to Chinese morale by showing that even in so-called occupied territory, the Chinese may maintain their patriotic government, collect revenues, move to and fro with considerable freedom, and fall again and again upon the enemy with success.

* These figures do not include the gains made in recent weeks.

John Heliker

"There's only one thing I don't like about our plebiscites, Bilgewasser. I never can get a bet down."

Because of the success of these tactics of mobile warfare, it is common in China to think of the Eighth Route Army as essentially guerrilla fighters. Madame Chiang, in fact, so described them to me. The Eighth Route generals, however, reject this description. "We are a regular army, and can also do positional fighting if we have the equipment. But with our present shortage of equipment and in the territory where we are operating, behind the lines of the enemy, mobile warfare is the best. With our present tactics we regularly kill more of the enemy—often very many more—than we lose ourselves. . . ." They did not add, but they might have, that in most Chinese positional warfare today, the casualties are four or five Chinese to every Japanese, due to the great superiority of Japanese equipment.

The five chief generals of the Eighth Route Army are no mere improvisers of revolutionary combats, but men of long military training and many years' experience. Chu Teh, commander-in-chief, known as the "father" of the army, studied years ago in a Yunnan military school, became an officer in the Yunnan army, went to Germany to study the lessons of the World War, took part in the Northern Expedition of 1927 which established the present Chinese government, participated in the Nanchang revolt, the seizure of Swatow, and later led the small group which eventually became the Red Army.

His chief assistant, Peng Te-Hwai, graduated from a Hunan military school and was a regiment commander as long ago as the 1927 Northern Expedition. Liu Pe Chun, a scholarly gentleman in spectacles, was a well-known Szechuan general who joined the Kuomintang forces at the time of the Northern Expedition. Ho Lung, who of them all looks most like the traditional guerrilla general, with his strong, stocky form and dare-devil air, and a shabby tag reading "120 Division" stuck to his gray, padded cotton sleeve with a safety-pin, led twenty thousand men in the 1927 Northern Expedition, and later led the revolt in Nanchang. Lin Piao, the youngster of the lot, who looks like a shy student, but whose division holds the largest area and has seen harder action than any, studied at Whampoa Military Academy in Canton before he led a company north in 1927.

As military men, therefore, the commanders in the Eighth Route Army have a past as competent as any men in China. They have also had ten years' experience in the Red Army. They differ from other generals chiefly in their relation to the common soldiers and to the common people. They are highly democratic, utterly accessible. Any common soldier, any ordinary peasant, can and does speak to them. In fact, you cannot tell them from an ordinary soldier except perhaps by their slightly greater age.

When I asked Chu Teh if he minded having his picture published, since it might reveal him to the enemy, he laughed: "If I change my beard a bit and mix with the people, they couldn't ever find me." Peng Te-Hwai laughed heartily as he recounted the embarrassment of a certain police chief on whom he was calling, when a common guard came in and smacked General Peng in joyous fashion on the shoulder, telling him some bit of news. When I met Chu Teh and Ho Lung a second time near the Tungkwan ferry, they came leaping across several small ferry-boats to shake my hand. Usually, in camp they ate their simple two meals daily, standing up in a portico open on one side to the zero weather, not

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even indulging in the ceremony of sitting down. When one considers the many formalities and long banquets characteristic of traditional Chinese generals, one realizes the newness of their type.

IF I WERE asked for the chief characteristics of the Eighth Route Army which differentiate it from others, I would mention three. First, that they educate every ordinary soldier in what he is fighting for. Every day he attends three classes: military training, cultural training, political training. Cultural training includes reading and writing; they all learn to read. Political training does not consist of difficult Communist theory; it is much simpler than that. For love of country and of a better life for all its people are part of Communism.

I talked to three simple soldier lads, taken at random. All of them had joined the Red Army long ago in the south. They had made the long march of 6,000 miles across China, in the days when the Red Army was harassed by Chiang Kai-shek's troops. Yet when I asked them why they had joined, one answered: "For love of country." Another said: "Because when the Japanese took Manchuria, I knew we must either be slaves or fight. I could not read or write then, but I heard this from the students, in mass meetings on Memory Days."

All of them said: "It is much better now." They smiled; there was a warm glow inside their faces. I asked them why it was better, and my city-shrewd interpreter protested: "Of course it is better, for once they were half starved and now they have a steady job as soldiers." "No, ask them," I said.

"It is better," said one of the boys, while the warm glow suffused his face more completely, "because once the government was against us, and now we are all together and China is unified."

The second characteristic of the Eighth Route Army is the comradely feeling between soldiers and commanders. Chu Teh is revered by his men as Chinese revere a father, not feared as they usually fear a general. More than once this obviously comradely feeling among the men has made soldiers of other armies wish to join them.

Last, and perhaps of all characteristics the most important, is the relation of the Eighth Route Army with the people. Its soldiers are instructed in a series of homely rules, whose general purport is: leave every village in as good condition as you found it. I visited three villages in which they were encamped and talked in each to some of the peasants. All of them said that the army was a good army, that it caused no trouble in the village, that they would be sorry when it left.

The army's attitude toward the population is not, however, the merely passive one of letting them alone. In every place of call the soldiers hold mass meetings, to explain the war and organize the people. They show the villagers how to set watchmen on the hills, how to hide their food supply from the invaders, how to destroy the roads when the enemy approaches, how to arm themselves and fight back. They organize villagers into stretcher-bearers, teach them to care for the wounded and to spy out the enemy. Through the common people the army has the best espionage system in China. It knows what the Japanese are doing almost before the Japanese know it themselves.

Thousands of Shansi peasants have formed bands of partisan warriors to protect their own villages with the aid of the Eighth Route Army, which gives them leadership and training and finally perhaps incorporates the best of them in its own ranks. The ranks of the Eighth Route Army are, however, limited by government-grant of food and uniforms. As a government army, it has no right to ask or receive contributions even of food from the people. The ranks of the peasant partisans are unlimited, save by the capacity of their villages to furnish support. They are fed by the local populations; they are armed by what they can capture from the Japanese.

It was for these peasant partisans that Chu Teh asked me to appeal in England and America, not for the Eighth Route Army itself.

> Our army is a regular army and cannot accept foreign assistance. . . . We have our food and uniforms and medical services; if they are insufficient, it is our own government we must ask. But the peasant volunteers are another matter. They are men whose villages have been burned by the Japanese. They have often no crops; they are hungry. They have no shoes; they fight barefoot in snow; no fur-lined gloves, and their hands freeze so that they cannot hold a rifle. One detachment of such peasant partisans drove back a Japanese night attack on their village, but before the zero night was gone, thirty of them froze hands and feet and most of them lost them.
>
> It is for these armed peasants, these half-armed peasants, that we ask help from sympathetic lands. For we think the mobile bands of North China will help decide the fate of all China. If Japan can make North China her tool and drain its wealth for her war-chest, then she can advance against the rest of China. But even now we are wearing her out here, and making of rich Shansi not a gain but a loss to her. But our peasant partisans need support. They can call on their villages for funds once, twice, three times, but not forever. For the Japanese have been destroying their villages.

Not only for these partisans of the Northwest Chu Teh pleaded, but for other peasant volunteers who are arising in other parts of China. The example of the Eighth Route Army has fired the Chinese people with a zeal for mobile warfare which is infecting every province and every army. Chou En-lai, the representative of the Eighth Route Army and the Communist Party in Hankow—the man who a year and a half ago, with a price on his head, went to Sian to plead successfully for the freedom of the generalissimo who had condemned him to death—has been made assistant chief of "mass mobilization," under which comes the organization of these peasant volunteers.

This was not merely a recognition of the political role and influence of the Communist Party, but also of the fact that the men of the former Red Army know the job of basing an army on organized populations better than anyone else. They are the world's most experienced mobile fighters.

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Exchange of Heroes

Comrades they gave us gods, then heroes, and the statues in public places. Their holidays remembered giants.

Maces and long swords commanded the plazas; bronze epaulet the courthouse lawn; wreath and robe of state the porticoes.

The mounted myths rode forever in the sun. We were to measure ourselves by pedestals; by grace breathe in the enormous shadows.

We made history in the lands, our hungers and migrations unbound the seas: lords in the later words. Generations were humbled before them.

The legend of giants. . . . They deafened us by proclamations, they blinded our eyes with great lights. We obeyed; we crept in valleys. We had no stature beside the mountains.

The globe's diameter draws in, the population by the last trench is sundered. There will be salvos. All statues will be melted down.

It is the time of definition; the pantheon is unroofed. We repudiate the sword; we spew the corsairs and the orators, chiefly their metal horsemen.

The land is in dispute, the power hung on the wire to be taken. We exchange their monuments, we drum their giants from the camps. It is an end of heroes and the beginning.

We appraise stature by awareness—if we have heroes they will be stern among us . . . in us. . . . We are together by hatred and by love, we are delivered from bronze.

DON GORDON.

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A. Redfield

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On Guard!

THE new administration spending program, with its reported W.P.A. appropriation of $1,250,000,000 for the seven months beginning July 1, is obviously in line with the urgent needs of the American people in this deepening economic crisis. Already the tories of both major parties have begun sharpening their axes in the hope of doing the same kind of job on the spending program as they did on the Reorganization Bill.

Their program in the present emergency is the Hoover program, with additional anti-labor embellishments. It is a program of ruin as far as the overwhelming majority of the population is concerned. And it has already become clear that the guiding genius of all the anti-New Deal machinations is none other than Vice President Garner. Jefferson had his Burr, Jackson his Calhoun, and Roosevelt has his Garner. Progressives will have to be on guard.

A Stop-Gap Ministry

EDOUARD DALADIER'S new government solves practically nothing and opens the door to practically anything. At most it will temporarily relieve the financial embarrassment which plagued Leon Blum. Daladier himself expects to avoid his predecessor's financial reforms by obtaining better coöperation from French capital. The showdown will come when Daladier asks for power to rule by decree, which the Senate refused to grant Blum. Whereas Blum was denied this power by the right, Daladier may have some trouble getting it from the left and right.

The new cabinet is a stop-gap, another transition ministry in the growing list of transition ministries. It is distinguished by two things: first, it rests on an extremely narrow parliamentary base, claiming the direct support of less than one-fourth of the Chamber; second, it includes politicians of the center, such as Paul Reynaud, never before identified with the Popular Front as such. The right is, of course, joyful at the change from Blum to Daladier. In no sense does this mean that Daladier will get fascist support, for the right hates him only a little less than it hates Blum. The right rejoices because to them it seems to foreshadow an early right-center government openly opposed to the Popular Front.

The Communists and Socialists have taken no official position on the government as yet, but both are likely to be reserved in any support. The Socialists are especially wrathful because Blum was unseated by Daladier's own party in the Senate. The Communists do not view the situation as a whole pessimistically, for the country is still overwhelmingly Popular Front in sentiment, and no ministry can afford to disregard that fact for long. The question before France now is, what will follow Daladier?

Hitler "Wins"

HITLER, who killed democracy in Germany and Austria, has held plebiscites before the Austrian one. The Storm Troopers see to it that all the eligible get to the polls and each vote is watched. Those who vote against the proposition that the Nazis have decided they want endorsed risk their lives or their freedom. It is always heartening that there are men and women courageous enough to make an "x" against the *Nein* on the ballot.

But as the sham elections are repeated, the daring ones realize that they stand a greater chance of detection and endanger not only themselves but their families. The meaning of such an election as that held last Sunday in Germany and Austria becomes even clearer in the light of the known resentment in Austria against *Anschluss* with the Nazis. Hitler did not dare allow the vote threatened by Schuschnigg: but with military control he staged a plebiscite which approved his violent seizure 99.75 percent in Austria, 99.08 percent in Germany. It must be a great comfort to the Führer. Now it is just a matter of ferreting out the .25 percent in Austria, and the .92 percent in Germany, executing a few, torturing the rest, and then keeping them in protective arrest in concentration camps. Soon the Führer's little election demonstrations will be unanimous affairs, which will be a sure sign that everyone is happy and free in Naziland.

And Chamberlain Loses

THE "endorsement" of Hitler's aggressive policies in Austria is, we believe, far outweighed by the triumph of the forces of peace and collective security in last week's by-elections in the West-Fulham division of London, where the British Labor Party captured a vital parliamentary seat from the Conservatives. The election was fought on the issue of foreign policy. To Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain's recent boast that his foreign policy, if brought before the people, would meet with overwhelming approval, the voters of West-Fulham—plain, ordinary, rank-and-file English men and women—gave their unmistakable answer. They threw the Conservative out and elected a Laborite.

This election is of more than local significance. It is symptomatic of the political undercurrents in Great Britain, and of the loss of public confidence in Chamberlain and his "National" government. There has been a powerful revulsion of feeling in Great Britain against all collaboration with Hitler and Mussolini, against the cynical betrayal of democratic Spain to the fascist aggressors, against the condoning of the Nazi coup in Austria and refusal to guarantee the inviolability of Czechoslovakia, against Chamberlain's secret efforts to strengthen the non-patriotic French right and to establish a government in France which, after excluding the Socialists and the Communists alike, would proceed to denounce the Franco-Soviet Pact, the last of the major supports of peace in Europe. The British masses may yet turn the tide in Europe.

China's Victorious Resistance

THE "miracle" of Chinese resistance continues undiminished. Far from having captured Taierhchwang in southern Shantung, as the Japanese claimed last week, they were actually lured into a trap by the Chinese troops under General Li Tsung-jen and suffered complete rout in what is described as the greatest military defeat in open fighting in the entire history of modern Japan. The Chinese forces have pursued the retreating Japanese and, as we go to press, are enveloping Yihsien, northwest of Taierhchwang, where the Japanese have dug in awaiting reinforcements. Meanwhile farther north, at the capital of Shantung, Tsinan, where Japanese control was supposedly unchallenged, two battalions of Chinese police have revolted and captured suburban districts, while Chinese regulars are reported to have occupied White Horse Mountain, a village ten miles from Tsinan.

But even this does not give the full picture of the serious reverses that the Japanese invaders have suffered. On the eastern front in Chekiang and Anhwei Provinces, Chinese units have, since March 15, repulsed one by one seven Japanese columns that attempted to converge on Kwangteh, important highway junction eighty miles southeast of Nanking. And as further evidence of the precarious hold that the Japanese have on those terri-

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tories which they have occupied is the news that guerrilla fighting has broken out even in Shanghai.

As we pointed out last week, the foundation of these Chinese military victories is the growing political unification of the Chinese people. In the forging of this unity the Communist Party has played an incalculable role. Chinese resistance is striking hammer blows not merely at Japan, but at the entire Rome-Berlin-Tokyo axis and must be taken into consideration in any estimate of the situation in Spain and Central Europe.

"Americans Also Confess"

THE current issue of *Soviet Russia Today* has such a wealth of excellent material on the Moscow trials that we urge every reader of the NEW MASSES to get hold of it immediately and read it from cover to cover. We especially recommend the article "I Knew Those Wreckers" by Carrol G. Holmes, an American engineer who after eleven years with the Ford Company and five years with General Motors, went to the Soviet Union where he occupied all sorts of responsible engineering posts for several years. His revelations are even more startling than those of Littlepage, offering a wealth of corroborative evidence of the guilt of some of the people recently tried in Moscow. We reprint in abridged form the following editorial:

We lose patience with those who pretend to see only what the *Baltimore Sun* calls the "strange confession technique of the Russians." Most guilty persons confess when confronted by irrefutable evidence of guilt.

Some spies were arrested in New York not long ago. They confessed. A Wall Street stock broker, with the highest connections, was arrested and charged with grand larceny. He promptly confessed to more crimes than the indictment called for.

An accomplished and daring woman spy was arrested in Moscow in 1920. She denied her guilt. Confronted with the evidence, she confessed during her first interrogation. There was no pressure, or threats—only the evidence. For a few moments she tried to bluff it out: "That is all very well, but suppose I deny it? Where is your proof?"

The proof was there. And so, writes Marguerite Harrison in her autobiography: *There's Always Tomorrow*:

"It was quite useless to make any denial in the face of such evidence. I shrugged my shoulders....

" 'Very well,' I said, "I acknowledge it. I am an agent of the United States Government. But that is my only crime.' "

The typical behavior of spies. First, deny. Then challenge your accuser to prove his case. Then confess—but confess only to what is known. Deny everything else.

"That is my only crime," said the spy in Moscow eighteen years ago. With almost the same words, Bukharin and Yagoda more recently would admit only a part of their crimes. Like them, the lady was lying. That was not her only crime. Many years later, Mrs. Harrison wrote in her book that she was also a spy for the Polish government, with which the Soviet government was then at war—a capital offense. And she told how she shielded another spy, an agent of British Intelligence, with whom she was coöperating. These crimes she had concealed.

We recommend the story of Marguerite Harrison to the *Baltimore Sun,* which cannot understand the "complexities of Russian character." This lady, who spied and lied and then confessed, but yet did not confess everything, was a member of a respected Baltimore family, and, incidentally, the correspondent of the *Baltimore Sun.*

The case of Mrs. Harrison, and the more recent case of Mr. Whitney, and several others which come quickly to mind, dispose of much nonsense about "Dostoievsky characters." Americans also confess, and not only in Moscow.

It is not necessary to go to Moscow to hear spies confess. The Senate Committee investigating industrial espionage last year reported:

"Certain of the spies and strikebreakers, apparently either friendly or penitent, gave testimony concerning their own activities, their betrayals of confidence, and their deeds of violence, which assumes significance because of the fact that it was so clearly against their own interests."

That was in Washington—not Moscow.

Girdler Defies the Law

"IN this situation," said Tom Girdler, when the National Labor Relations Board judged the Republic Steel Co. guilty of violating the Wagner Act, "this company wishes to take the fullest time allowed in which to determine its course of action."

The Labor Board found that Republic Steel had set up company unions; had discriminated against twenty-seven workers; had shut down the Canton and Massillon plants for the purpose of disorganizing the Steel Workers Organizing Committee; had vilified the union; had spied on it; and had incited violence against workers by donating to business and civic groups "tear and vomiting gas in the city of Massillon, through support of the Massillon Law and Order League and back-to-work committees in three plant cities, and through activities in connection with a fatal shooting incident at C.I.O. headquarters at Massillon."

Girdler's company was ordered to reinstate the twenty-seven strikers with back pay, to reimburse the employees of the Canton and Massillon mills for pay losses, and to disband its company unions. But Girdler —ballyhoo man for "law and order"—has no intention of obeying the Board. He will fight, and for the present his method is delay. Inland Steel has also declared a bitter-end fight against the board's ruling that collective bargaining entails signing a contract with a union. During the Little Steel strike, the companies protested that they were not opposed to discussing grievances with the union, but that under no circumstance would they enter into a written agreement. And in heroic defense of their liberty no intention of obeying the board. He will vised the murder of eighteen steel strikers. Now the Labor Board has affirmed the illegality of the companies' refusal to sign contracts.

"The way is now clear for the S.W.O.C. to move in in legitimate fashion to secure contracts," announced Philip Murray, head of the steel drive. "That we propose to do."

A Notable Decision

IN reversing the opinion of the lower court, the United States Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals at New Orleans found that "membership in the Communist Party of America, standing alone, is not sufficient to warrant deportation." And the opinion of Judge Joseph C. Hutcheson continued, "Nothing in our Constitution or our laws forbids the formation of such a party, or persons from joining them. The statute invoked here does not forbid membership in the Communist or any other party except one which teaches the overthrow by force and violence of the government of the United States . . ."

The decision does more than publicize the Communist Party's oft-repeated declarations that it does not advocate "force and violence" —declarations which the press has persistently refused to publish. The decision destroys even the legal basis for deportation agitation against such trade-union leaders as Harry Bridges of the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union, as well as the attempt to prevent Harold Pritchett, president of the Woodworkers of America, from entering this country. The Red-scare artists, working through employers' associations, have cried "Communist" against both Bridges and Pritchett, and hoped thereby to destroy two growing, militant unions. The federal court's decision reveals that these Red-baiting deportation conspiracies, in addition to being unfounded in fact and anti-labor in purpose, are completely illegal.

Fascism in Quebec

QUEBEC'S new law providing for compulsory incorporation of trade unions marks another step in the drive of Dictator Maurice Duplessis, premier and attorney-general of Canada's largest province, to beat labor into submission and install corporatism based on the Mussolini pattern. It offers startling evidence of the speed with which the consolidation of clerical fascism is proceeding with the open encouragement and support of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in the province.

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Even a superficial glance at the provisions of the law shows its dictatorial nature. All groups or associations not possessing a collective civil personality *recognized by law* may be summoned before the courts of the province. Who is to decide what associations are "recognized by law"? Duplessis? He has already indicated clearly that he does not recognize international unions. As attorney-general, he recently denied a petition of R. A. C. Ballantyne, president of the Montreal Newspaper Guild, for leave to sue his employer under existing labor legislation. Duplessis explained in the legislature that the Guild is not recognized as a bona fide union because it is affiliated with the C.I.O. When T. D. Bouchard, leader of the Liberal Opposition, attempted to defend the Guild, Duplessis branded him a "Communist."

The retort provided further proof, if any were needed, that Quebec's infamous Padlock Law is not merely an anti-Communist measure, but a device to crush the trade unions and all democratic expression. It permits provincial police to close any premises where ideas are discussed which, in the opinion of Attorney-General Duplessis, "tend toward Communistic practices." Most of the raids under the Padlock Law have been on the offices and homes of union leaders.

The new law requiring incorporation of unions was passed in spite of strong opposition from organized labor. Its introduction by Duplessis himself led the National Catholic Syndicates and the international unions to make common cause against it.

Organized labor in Quebec is learning the necessity for unity—a lesson their fellow workers at the other end of the Hepburn-Duplessis axis learned in Ontario a year ago. When Premier Mitchell F. Hepburn of Ontario lined up with General Motors in a vain attempt to smash the Oshawa strike of the United Automobile Workers, he hinted at a licensing bill for unions. The voice of organized labor forced Hepburn to go on record, during the provincial election campaign last fall, against the licensing of unions.

Democracy Must Counter-Attack

THE defeat of the Reorganization Bill carries with it far reaching implications. No longer do the reactionary opponents of this minor administrative measure maintain the fiction that it was the bill itself they were fighting. When first proposed early last summer, in a far more drastic form than the one defeated in the House last Friday, the bill was supported by nearly all the newspapers that later whipped up a hysterical campaign against it. Wrote Arthur Krock in Saturday's New York *Times:*

> It is not too much to say that if the sham issue of "dictatorship" had not been raised, the House would have passed a measure more like the original proposals than the tattered fragment which was recommitted today.

Editorially the *Times* of the same date declared that "the vote which sent it [the bill] back to committee was a vote against the administration rather than a vote against the bill itself." And the dean of tory journalists, Mark Sullivan, admitted in Sunday's New York *Herald Tribune* that "under another President, at another time, that bill might have caused little commotion."

The issue, then, was not reorganization, but Roosevelt and the whole New Deal program. And already the tory hosts that led the assault on the Reorganization Bill are preparing to follow up their victory. Under the fine surgical hand of Senator Pat Harrison of Mississippi, the heart has been cut out of the Tax Bill in order to relieve big business of the undivided-profits tax and of the greater part of the capital-gains levy. The House Labor Committee is reported to have become lukewarm regarding the possibility of a Wages and Hours Bill at this session. As for the administration's new relief and spending program, Monday's *Times* reported:

> Those who aided directly and indirectly in the defeat of the Reorganization Bill are preparing to fight just as vigorously against any administration program based on huge expenditures for pump-priming.

It is as part of this general sweeping campaign against the entire New Deal program that the defeat of the Reorganization Bill must be viewed. This campaign has now assumed a scope and ferocity that make immediate counter-measures imperative. The present session of Congress marks the third since the election of 1936. The desires of the people were, in that election, expressed in terms so unequivocal as to leave no room for doubt or subterfuge. Yet the record of the three sessions of Congress—a Congress in which the Democrats have a large majority in both houses—has been one of almost continuous sabotage and betrayal of the mandate of the people. The coalition of tory Republicans and Democrats has grown to such strength and arrogance that it has effectively blockaded practically every measure of reform, every attempt to curb the power of the monopolies—and this at a time when the economic crisis has greatly increased the people's burdens. The new "independence of Congress" that the reactionary press has hailed so joyously is actually independence from the will of the people, from the duties of democracy, and shameful subservience to Wall Street.

The fight on the Reorganization Bill marked a new stage in the offensive of the right. Here was no measure of social reform, but one of a purely administrative character such as Hoover and other Presidents had urged in the past. By their scurrilous campaign against this bill, the reactionaries of both major parties have made clear that for them there is only one issue: Roosevelt and all that Roosevelt stands for. And that means: all that 27,000,000 Americans voted for. That this campaign has been waged under the hypocritical cry of "dictatorship" only indicates its unprincipled and brazenly demagogic character. And that the cohorts of "democracy" have been led by such people as William Randolph Hearst, Father Coughlin, and Dr. Edward A. Rumely, whom John L. Spivak exposed in the November 13, 1934, issue of NEW MASSES as having close connections with high Nazi circles, reveals the essentially fascist direction of this entire anti-New Deal drive. Under the circumstances, the action of six Wisconsin Progressives and two Minnesota Farmer-Laborites in joining the reactionaries to kill the bill is shocking and incomprehensible, to put it mildly.

The situation calls for immediate aggressive measures to save the mandate of the 1936 elections—to save democracy. The Gallup Poll shows that, despite the floods of hate that have poured from press and radio, Roosevelt still retains a comfortable majority among the people. That majority needs to be organized for action; it needs to be united in a great democratic front that will march to the polls in the primaries and in the November elections and oust the tory stooges that have so flagrantly betrayed the people.

There can be no compromise in this battle. It is part of a world-wide struggle, and democracy must fight—fight with the combined strength of all progressive forces—or succumb to fascism.

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FORSYTHE'S PAGE

Slippery Morris

AMONG the more prominent stinkers of our fair country is one Dr. Morris Fishbein of Chicago, Ill. It may appear that I am careless with my enmities, but I can assure you that I do not spray my stinkos about promiscuously. It requires something special in the way of scurviness before I sully the pages of this distinguished weekly with my wrath, and Dr. Fishbein most certainly qualifies under this heading.

The gentleman, as you probably know, is editor of the *Journal* of the American Medical Association. In that position he has built up a power somewhat more refulgent than anything which might be cherished by, let us say, the Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court. In short, our Fishbein is czar of American medicine. In the columns of the *Journal* he writes what he pleases and sees to it that nobody contradicts him. As representative of the most reactionary set of men I have ever seen in action, he has for years closed the columns of the *Journal* to anything which might offend the sensibilities of the medical hierarchy. Such sensibilities, naturally, were immediately wounded whenever an attempt was made to liberalize medicine to the point where a physician might cease thinking of his fees and begin bringing the benefits of medicine to at least a portion of the national population.

The group of highbinders who control American medicine are my idea of genuine public enemies. I got my first taste of these holy pirates when I went out to Cleveland several years ago to attend the national convention of the A.M.A. (American Medical Association). While the serious doctors and surgeons were using the sessions of the convention to learn more of medicine, the practical policy of the Association was being set by members of the House of Delegates. In the days of their glory neither Matt Quay, Uncle Joe Cannon, nor Tammany had anything to compare with the machine of Dictator Fishbein. For three days I sat and listened to speeches concerned with collecting fees and protecting the doctor. On the fourth day a speaker said: "This idea of mine will not only assist the doctor but it will help the patient." A man sitting next to me, turned and looked at me in mock amazement.

"On the fourth day!" he said. "Enter the patient at last. Well, that's damned decent of them!"

Anybody who thinks the example I have given is exaggerated does not know Fishbein and does not know the men who have for years stifled American medicine. It was much worse than I have said. Every attempt made to bring medicine to people who couldn't otherwise afford it was fought bitterly by the A.M.A. Free clinics were denounced from the beginning. The physicians who first launched the health insurance idea, whereby a man would pay a fixed fee and be assured of medical attention for his family, not only were fought by the Association but were ousted from membership, denied the use of hospitals accredited by the Association, and ruined in their communities. The power of excommunication was held over the head of everybody who might otherwise withstand the cry of Communism, aimed at any new idea in medicine.

The thing came as a shock to me, for I had acquired a strange notion of Fishbein, thinking him an all-right guy who fought the fake food people and was generally militant about health. When I talked with him I was amazed. Never have I encountered such a shifty gentleman. When I read statements by him now, I want to laugh out loud. This is the hero who is defending American medicine! I wouldn't trust him farther than I could heave him.

But he had the Association muzzled. As the New York *Times* says editorially (and fancy me in agreement with the New York *Times* editorially!): "The *Journal* closes its pages to those who dissent from its reactionary opinions on medical economics and sociology, and presents only its own side of controversial issues. Not only this, but the physician who rises in his state or county medical society to voice his anti-Association views courts reprisal, even ostracism."

The first attempts at fighting the medical combine brought disaster on the heads of the rebels. Even when the group headed by Dr. Peters of Yale published its famous manifesto of last year, there was no certainty that the fight would not end with the triumph of Fishbein. He still controlled the *Journal*, he was still as cagy and vicious as ever. As the New York *Times* comments further: "To obtain impartial advice on the economic phases of medicine, bodies like the United Hospital Fund usually consulted physicians of eminence as individuals. To turn to organized medicine is to invite biased opinion."

The fight is really on now with the speech of Dr. James H. Means, of Harvard, in his presidential address to the American College of Physicians. They are going to carry the fight to slippery Morris and his gang and will undoubtedly lick him. That phase of it may seem slight, but it means a great deal in a country where more than half of the population has no medical attention whatever, and where half the doctors are starving. There are patients with no doctors and doctors with no patients—and Fishbein and his gang standing righteously over the whole mess, mouthing nauseating phrases about the sacred relationship of patient and physician. I know something about that relationship also. When the physician protests against the tardiness of his collections, he is not exaggerating. The butcher and the banker often stick him, but the little guy bringing in his wife who has something serious the matter with her brings his two bucks clutched tightly in his palm or she doesn't get to see the doctor. Don't tell me about free clinics. Those things are for big cities. I've seen the other places, the towns in the Southwest where the Spanish-Americans either have the two bucks or they die any way it pleases them. Free clinics and free beds be damned! They don't begin to fill the need. There are entire counties in the South without a doctor. There are millions of sick people who never see a doctor.

The other night I got on this argument with a New York surgeon who at first was full of the Fishbein junk—the sacred relationship of patient and doctor particularly. But he soon deserted that in his interest in another problem: the Jewish refugee doctors from Germany, Austria, and Poland. Here they are in America, starving to death. Well, they'll continue to starve if the Fishbeins have their way, because they happen to be competition for the old lunks who control the A.M.A. A thousand refugee doctors placed according to the country's need would be a godsend to the United States. And naturally, I don't confine it to refugees. I include our own trained physicians who are driving taxis because they can't maintain an office.

I once had the figures about the number of people in this country who have never had the services of a doctor and of the millions who wouldn't know a dentist if seen in the open road. And we don't dare tackle a problem like this, because Dr. Morris Fishbein and his masters wouldn't like it! We can't do anything because Dr. Morris Fishbein will rise and point a finger and shout *socialization!* That was supposed to answer everything, including the high death rate. At that Cleveland convention, after four years of the worst depression ever known, those men were talking as if they lived in the trunk of a tree. They might have been contemporaries of Hippocrates, the original doctor. But things are happening. Keep your eye on the medical scrap and try to get a ticket when they have the last final clinic. That will be the time when they cut Fishbein away from the A.M.A. trough. What a joyful operation!

ROBERT FORSYTHE.

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Infidel and Softie

By Meyer Levin

CLARENCE DARROW was a small-town iconoclast in the period when it was hot stuff to call oneself an agnostic. He lived most of his life in Chicago, spouting fatalistic philosophy in the courts of law, and inspiring all the rebellious young squirts to become lawyers. He died at the age of eighty, announcing that he was no longer an agnostic but an atheist.

He figured that so long as he was in the opposition, in the minority, he was probably on the just side. He took part in practically every great cause-trial of his period. Darrow defended certain human liberties, certain human rights, but never had a systematized belief or program for the race—except for a while as a young man, when he was a single-taxer. But even then he took up a belief mostly because he was a lonely newcomer to Chicago, and because he wanted to meet people and talk before audiences.

His mechanistic futility was a tough crust. In spite of this conviction that nothing did any good, he battled in the courts with relentless and heroic energy; he fought through three trials in the mining-strike frame-up of Haywood, Pettibone, and Moyer, though all the time suffering from a horribly painful mastoid infection, though he had to read his last argument from an invalid-chair in the courtroom. He loved to expatiate on the preordained, accidental character of life, and show how there had been only one chance in trillions that his forefathers would cross through the same town westward, and send their children to the same school, in order that his parents might meet and he might be born; he was full of that kind of what's-the-use-it's-all-in-the-stars stuff, yet he was the greatest individual factor on the side of trade unions in a whole series of court battles, from the Debs injunction case through the McNamara dynamiting cases; he defended a Negro's right to live in his own house even if it bordered a white man's street in Detroit; he defended a Tennessee teacher's right to talk about evolution. And out of the compassion in his heart for any human tangled in what he so pessimistically felt was a hopeless world, Darrow defended the right of a couple of rich punks to kill deliberately another rich punk, and a white man's right to kill a brown man whom he accused of raping his wife.

They burned his body a week or two ago in Chicago, with thirty-three judges doing him honor, and a federal-court judge—and former law partner—delivering the eulogy; to Darrow it was an important point of principle that a man's body should be cremated. To him, this was still an advanced idea, a common-sense cause that needed championing.

Maybe he felt so strongly about this particular modernity because as a child he used to be depressed, even frightened by the piles of coffins in the back of his father's store. Darrow's father was an undertaker and furniture maker in the kindly town of Kinsman, Ohio; a craft taken up after he had studied for the ministry, but discovered that he couldn't be ordained to any creed with complete ease of conscience. Thence came the rebel tradition in Clarence.

And there from the memory of his father's circle of free-thinking friends sprang Darrow's continuous attitude through life, that sociable belligerence so typical of the American small-town infidel, the Ingersoll-spouter, the nay-sayer nevertheless respected because he has read more books than anyone else in town, and accepted with a kindly after-all tolerance, because what harm can he do, being only one?

And when you got right down to it, didn't he engage in business just like anyone else?

When he was just a young lawyer who had progressed from Kinsman to Ashtabula, and then been but a year in Chicago, Clarence Darrow made a speech before the Single Tax Club that soon got him a job on the city's legal staff. And within a few years Clarence Darrow was head lawyer, corporation counsel for the city of Chicago. He did not enjoy this work very much, as he had to be with aldermen a great deal; he said they were a kindly, decent race, often even intelligent, but he didn't like the day-to-day job of dealing with them. The politicians who had appointed him knew he was a single-taxer and a kind of a radical, but they figured he could get along with the boys—Darrow was so forgiving that he always got along with the boys—and they figured he would be honest with the city. (At that time there was a sort of reform mayor in Chicago, Cregier, who had an idea that the legal department ought to be honest.)

Clarence Darrow, the bright young infidel, showed up so well in the corporation counsel job that the Chicago & North Western Railroad decided he would be a good man to have as general attorney. Though his ideas on life were not exactly kosher, they figured he would be honest toward the company in his job; and he was certainly a smart lawyer.

Tom Funk

So Clarence Darrow worked for the railroad, and eased himself by thinking that he was a lot more lenient in contesting workmen's compensation claims and injury claims than an attorney of less radical views might have been. He found the railroad owners to be all fine, friendly people, respectful of his views. All through his life he found the adversaries to be kindly, charming, friendly folk, neighborly, like the fundamentalists of Dayton, Tenn., who remembered to stock his icebox when the community was all out of groceries.

He worked for the railroad until the big strike when some cars were burned in Chicago yards, and Eugene Debs and other union officials were restrained by federal injunction from assembling, talking, or thinking strike. When the union asked Clarence Darrow to fight this injunction, he felt he couldn't do so while working for a railroad, so he gave up his job. And Mr. Marvin Hewitt, president of the road, understood his position perfectly; in fact Hewitt insisted that he carry on some railroad business that would not conflict with his sympathy for the workers. Darrow was proud that they remained personal friends until Hewitt died, in 1920.

The Debs case was the beginning of Darrow's great period as a labor lawyer. He was a leader in the agitation for the release of the Haymarket "anarchists"; he defended Thomas Kidd in the strike conspiracy charge against the National Association of Wood Workers, and throughout his entire career fought bitterly against the conspiracy laws, for he was one of the first to detect that these laws were capable of such loose interpretation and extension as to destroy entirely the very basic liberties of speech and assembly. When he got the McNamara brothers to plead guilty in the Los Angeles *Times* dynamiting case, he was assailed as a traitor to the cause of labor; this case was a crisis in his life, and in his thinking about himself. When he was well past seventy, writing his autobiography, he was still intensely defensive of the deal he made with the prosecuting attorney.

Job Harriman, one of the attorneys for the defense, was a candidate on the Socialist ticket and was holding meetings with large and enthusiastic audiences . . . to a certain extent, the mayoralty campaign and the case went together, and while I had never been a Socialist I was more or less in accord with that view, and thoroughly sympathized with the aims of the party. On account of Mr. Harriman, I was sorry to have the plea of guilty entered, but, on the other hand, the lives of my clients were at stake, and I had no right or inclination to consider anything but them. . . . I did not hesitate for a moment

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to choose the welfare of my clients. I never had any question about it. My duty was perfectly plain. Perhaps there are some who can imagine my position in this dilemma, which was not really a dilemma—I knew just what to do. By every emotion of my life, by the rules of my profession, I was bound to act as I did and consider my clients only, and I am glad that I did not stop to invite compassion or sympathy. My life is made up, and must stand as it is. But I was in a terrible crisis that I faced almost alone.

Evidently, from this curiously contradictory passage, the iconoclast's social conscience still bothered him, at seventy.

Darrow liked to repeat that he was by birth, background, and inclination on the side of the poor and oppressed. He was proud that he had become a symbol to the helpless around Chicago and even all over the world; proud that his office anteroom was always filled with the poorly dressed, the friendless, even the cranks; he would listen patiently to their stories; he defended hundreds without fee.

He was a kind of a Lincoln character; and physically too, with his gaunt build and the air of rural clumsiness he liked to preserve, the suspender-thumbing. Politically, he followed Lincoln so far as to spend a term in the Illinois state legislature; but there he stopped. Though he campaigned for William Jennings Bryan when Bryan was supposed to be the poor man's candidate for president, he did not have enough faith in the possibility of bettering things through political action to go in for a career himself. He often spoke with fire about more equitable distribution of wealth, but quenched his own fire in the conviction that man was too selfish to maintain any system of social justice.

Darrow quickly got over his single-tax period. "Socialism seemed to me more logical and profound," he wrote in his autobiography. "Socialism at least recognized that if man was to make a better world it must be through the mutual effort of human units; that it must be some come of coöperation that would include all the units of the state. Still, while I was in sympathy with its purpose, I could never find myself agreeing with its methods. I had too little faith in men to want to place myself entirely in the hands of the mass. And I never could convince myself that any theory of Socialism so far elaborated was consistent with individual liberty. . . . Anarchism, as taught by Kropotkin, Recluse, and Tolstoy, impressed me more, but it impressed me only as the vision of heaven held by the elect, a far off dream that had no relation to life. So, without having any specific radical faith, I always was friendly toward its ideals and aims, and could feel and see the injustice of the present system, and generally found myself in conflict with it."

He liked to debate on such questions as free-will, and after-life; he talked without charge for some outfit called the Free-Thinker; in 1917, he debated with Scott Nearing at the Garrick Theatre in Chicago. Subject: Can Democracy Cure the Social Ills of the World? Darrow: No. "Almost nothing comes from the people but work and votes," Darrow said, "and they do not know how to vote intelligently enough to get rid of work; they never did. Will they ever?" He was for letting every individual develop freely, in order that more geniuses might come to full expression of their talents; he even had great admiration for Henry Ford as a person who had shown a powerful genius for organization. But then a lot of otherwise smart people admired Ford in 1917.

When he was a young man writing about Whitman, he said, "I have faith to think that all life is but a portion of a great inclusive power, and that all is good and none is bad." But when he was old, he said, "I am satisfied that life is a serious burden which no thinking, humane person would wantonly inflict on someone else. . . . The best that we can do is to be kindly and helpful toward our friends and fellow passengers who are clinging to the same speck of dirt while we are drifting side by side to our common doom."

In Chicago, all the young squirts idolized him, pronounced themselves agnostics, and determined to be brilliant courtroom lawyers like Darrow when they grew up, determined to be ever-alert, charging across the country to defend, without charge, anyone unjustly accused. But they became slick corporation lawyers, or they became trick criminal lawyers who could get guys out on technicalities—Darrow always scorned technical loopholes—and some of them became lawyers who volunteered their services for the International Labor Defense; and those, when they read of his death, thought nostalgically of street-corner arguments about Darrow in the Leopold-Loeb case, in their agnostic youth-time, and still wished they had some of his slow, sympathetic genius for handling witnesses, some of his inexhaustible rural American energy; and those said, well, he said nothing was worth doing, but he did great things.

Sylvia Wald

Easter Shopping

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By Their Writings

By Moissaye J. Olgin

THE American intellectual is confronted with a difficult dilemma. On the one hand he has heard that some of those accused of plotting against the U.S.S.R. have been among the leaders of Bolshevik thought; on the other hand he is told that the very writings of those individuals revealed their opposition to Bolshevism and foretold their sinking into the mire of counter-revolution. The good American liberal, who is sympathetic to the Soviet Union and to writers favorably reporting the Soviet Union, is particularly displeased with those Communists who, like myself, have a Russian background and who, at one time, made it easier for the liberal to get acquainted with, say, Bukharin, and at another time not only accepted, unhesitatingly, Bukharin's guilt as conspirator, saboteur, diversionist, spy, traitor, but also found grounds for their acceptance in the known works of Bukharin. "When were you wrong?" this writer was repeatedly asked. "When you reported on the Soviet Writers' Congress at which Bukharin gave the main report on poetry, or now, when you say that that report itself reveals a dangerous anti-Bolshevik trend? If you could be wrong yesterday or four or ten years ago, how do we know you are not wrong today?"

The American intellectual's dilemma—not infrequently an honest bewilderment devoid of Trotskyist malice—is due in large measure to an excusable lack of information as to the nature of Bolshevik leadership in the Soviet Revolution and the role of the individual theoretician. Marxism-Leninism is a perfect ideological system, but not everyone who wrote under that banner—and whose writings were found useful at one time or another—was a Marxist-Leninist. Bolshevik leadership in the Revolution pursued one straight, well-considered line in harmony with the interests and sentiments of the proletariat and the other exploited masses, but not every functionary active in the Revolution under the banner of Bolshevism was a straight Bolshevik. Trotsky never was a Bolshevik, yet he was given important work in the first years after October as long as he was willing to follow, in the main, the line of the Bolshevik Party. Bukharin, never a practical leader, often wrote things that clashed with Marxism-Leninism but, as long as he appeared to be an ardent devotee of Marx and Lenin, he was made use of in the Revolution. Both Trotsky and Bukharin were criticized while they were at the height of their careers; they were severely taken to task by Lenin and Stalin, often with very strong warnings as to the dangers inherent in their stand and the consequences to which it might lead them if they persisted in their errors. These warnings, in the light of subsequent events, reveal an amazing clarity of understanding and foresight: one is almost inclined to call them prophetic. Yet while there were grounds to believe that those persons were doing their honest best, one was inclined to let it go at that; one believed that warnings might suffice. Later, when investigations by the judicial authorities of the U.S.S.R. proved that those persons had not been honest and had not been doing their honest best but, on the contrary, had been conspiring against the party and the state, their "errors" assumed an ominous significance. Rereading Trotsky's and Bukharin's writings *after* the trials of the Trotsky and Bukharin conspiratorial groups places many of their utterances in a totally new light and reveals many things that formerly escaped the reader. It also sheds a new light on the criticism leveled at these persons by Lenin and Stalin. "Men like Trotsky are 'the affliction of our times'" (Lenin); "One does not argue with men like Trotsky; one unmasks them as intriguers of the lowest order" (Lenin); "Trotsky distorts Bolshevism" (Lenin); "Trotsky leads an anti-party policy; he disrupts party legality, he takes the path of adventurism and split" (Lenin); "Trotskyism is the advance detachment of the counter-revolutionary bourgeoisie" (Stalin, 1931). With the facts disclosed by the Soviet trials, these and numerous other statements, which have been known to the readers of Lenin and Stalin for many years, assume an added significance, appear in a new light.

The same with Bukharin. Said Lenin: "There exists the objective logic of the factional struggle which inevitably leads . . . to a situation differing in nothing from unprincipled demagogy. . . . It remains either to find in oneself, to use Lasalle's expression, 'the physical force of reason' (and character) in order to recognize one's error . . . or to clutch at the remaining allies whoever they may be, 'without noticing' any principles. They have remained the partisans of 'democracy' *going as far as losing their senses.* And Bukharin is rolling down to them, rolling down to Syndicalism." (V. I. Lenin, *Collected Works,* Vol. XXVI, p. 93.) Bukharin is "(1) gullible as to gossip and (2) in politics devilishly *unstable.* The war pushed him to half-anarchist ideas. At the conference that adopted the Bern resolutions (Spring 1915) he presented *theses* (I have them!)—the acme of nonsensicalness; shame; semi-anarchism." (From a letter of March 1916. Lenin, *Collected Works,* Russian, Vol. XXIX, pp. 229-230.) Bukharin's views "can only with very grave doubt be classed as truly Marxist, for there is in him something very scholastic (he never studied and, I think, never fully understood dialectics)." (Lenin, quoted by Stalin in *Problems of Leninism,* tenth Russian edition, pp. 271-272.) "The right deviationists (Bukharinites) . . . are trying to demobilize the party, to demobilize the working class, to adapt our policy to the tastes of the 'Soviet' bourgeoisie, and thus give up in face of the difficulties of our upbuilding." (Stalin, *ibid,* p. 287, 1929.) "Wherein lies the danger of Bukharin's theory? . . . In that it lulls the working class to sleep, it undermines the mobilizational readiness of the revolutionary forces of our country, it demobilizes the working class and makes easier the offensive of the capitalist elements against the Soviet power." (Stalin, *ibid,* pp. 257-258.)

One would say Stalin predicted the formation by Bukharin of a counter-revolutionary bloc to do just the things enumerated in the last two quotations. And yet at the time when the warnings were uttered, Stalin proceeded only on the basis of opinions expressed by Bukharin. The trial of the Bukharin-Trotsky bloc attaches extraordinary significance both to such warnings by the Bolsheviks and to the theoretical and tactical wobblings of Bukharin.

It appears that what seemed in 1918-19 mere "wobblings" were *symptoms* of a deep-going hostility toward Bolshevik theory and practice, and unless one recognizes them as such one may find oneself in a class with the Norman Thomases who "lament" the execution of a "theoretician of the revolution." A theoretician Bukharin was, but his theorizing was shot through with counter-revolutionary ideas, as his tactics were always in a clash with the tactics of the Bolshevik Party.

For, when the "strange and monstrous" thing happened, to use Lenin's expression—when Bukharin, posing as a "left" Communist, in 1918 refused to recognize the October Revolution, declaring, together with Trotsky, Yoffe, Sokolnikov, Pyatakov, etc., that "in the interests of the international revolution we consider it consistent with our aims to take steps that may entail the possibility of losing the Soviet power, which now becomes purely formal"*—was he not revealing that he was a stranger to the whole business of the conquest of power by the proletariat for the first time in a colossal country? True, he covered his repudiation of the Bolshevik Revolution by

S. DeGraff

* Quoted in Lenin's *Collected Works.* Russian edition. Vol. XXII, p. 297.

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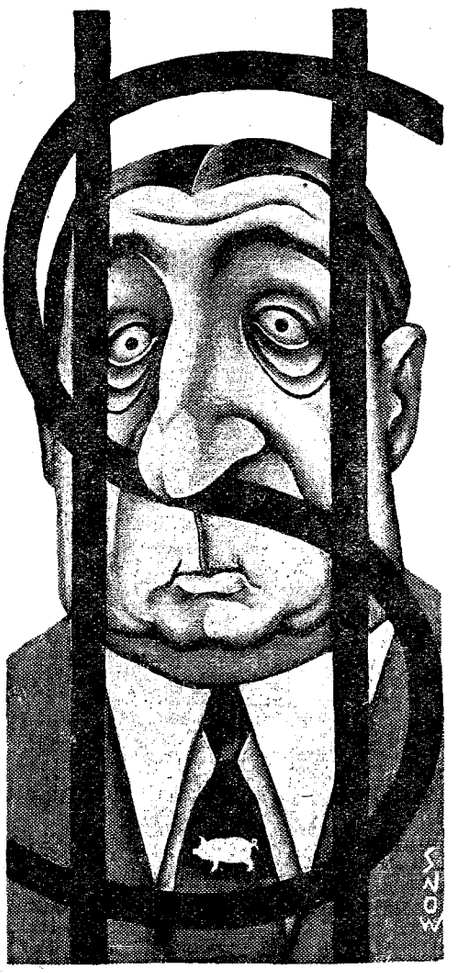
phrases about the "interests of the international revolution," but what kind of a revolutionism is it that readily gives up a revolution *just made and victorious* for the sake of *a phrase* about revolutions to come? And did not the sabotage of Brest-Litovsk, the resignations of Trotsky, Sokolnikov, etc., betray the fact that October was not valuable in their eyes? What was requested of them, and what Lenin insisted upon, was *to save* the October Revolution by signing a bad peace rather than sacrifice the Revolution by giving the Kaiser's armies an opportunity to ally themselves with the vanquished Russian capitalists and crush the Soviet power. If to Bukharin, Trotsky, *et al,* the Soviet power in *February 1918* had become "purely formal," was it to them anything more than that at any time? And if *that* was their stand, does it surprise us overmuch when we learn now that Bukharin was ready to imprison Lenin in the spring of 1918, and that Trotsky sometime later established connections with the German general staff? All these things would be strange and monstrous on the part of people accepting the October Revolution and realizing its full historical significance, but they are not surprising now when compared with what the same people said and did in the course of many years.

The root of the whole attitude lies in the Trotskyist "idea" of the impossibility of Socialism in one country. Because Lenin maintained that the independent existence of the Soviet Union was possible for a while even without a revolution in the other European countries, since the aid of the masses of those countries could be reckoned upon under all circumstances, Bukharin *et Cie.* had the temerity to say, as the Trotskyites say now, that the idea of a world revolution had been abolished. "The Russian Revolution, having ceased to stake its fate on a European revolution, by that token would have signed its death sentence. In one country, and a backward one at that, it is not possible to introduce Socialism in life." (The magazine *Communist,* organ of Bukharin-Pyatakov, No. 2, 1918, article "Foreign Policy".) It was in castigating this stand that Lenin made his famous remark: "When one maneuvers Bukharin-like, one can ruin a good revolution."

We may proceed step by step and find the same streak of disbelief in the revolution, in the party and its leadership that guide the revolution, in the masses who carry through the revolution in closest coöperation with the party, in the possibility of overcoming difficulties due to this marvelous combination of forces. Disbelief engenders hostility to what is; hostility leads further down. Labels may change; in the case of Bukharin the label "left" was replaced by "right"; the substance remained.

Disbelief in the Soviet state dictated the factional struggle at the end of 1920 and the first months of 1921 in connection with the trade-union question. The Trotsky-Bukharin combination demanded the transference of the management of the industries from the Soviet state to the trade unions, thus expressing their lack of confidence in the Soviets and at the same time proposing to leave the workers without a direct representation of their own in the form of trade unions. The plan, if carried through, said Lenin, would have split the revolutionary forces and endangered the Revolution. The discussion—with unscrupulous factional methods on the part of Trotsky, Bukharin, and others—created a crisis in the party. But what was a crisis for people who said Socialism could not be built in the Soviet Republic anyway, and that the party was no longer interested in the revolution in other countries?

The trade union struggle was still waged by Bukharin as a "left," but soon he found it more convenient to come out as a "right." The Nepman had made his appearance! Capitalism once more was active in the country's economy, and manufacturers, traders, and peasant exploiters once more were making profits! To the Bolsheviks that was a transient phenomenon, making it easier to tide over the period of economic collapse caused by eight years of war and civil war. Lenin and Stalin *knew* that as soon as state and coöperative enterprises in the cities and agricultural collectives in the countryside would have made enough headway, as they were bound to under the guidance and protection of the proletarian state, the Nepmen and kulaks would be liquidated as a class. Not so Bukharin. To him the exploiters had come to stay. To him they were the white light of new Russia. "Enrich yourselves," he said to them in effect. "You are welcome. Socialism in this country cannot be built."



Snow

Richard Whitney

Said Bukharin in his pamphlet, *Road to Socialism*:

> The fundamental network of our coöperative peasant organizations will consist of coöperative cells not of a kulak, but of a "labor" type, cells that grow into the system of our state organization and thus become links of one chain of Socialist economy. On the other hand, the kulak coöperative nests will similarly, through banks, etc., grow into the same system; but to a certain degree they will be an alien body, for instance, like the concession enterprises. (p. 49)

From this it follows, first, that kulak coöperatives, *i.e.,* organizations of capitalist peasant exploiters, will exist not only for many years to come, but will also become part of the Socialist system, and, second, that in the same Socialist system there will also be capitalist industrial enterprises in the form of concessions to foreign capitalists. Obviously, the "Socialism" that Bukharin envisaged in 1928 and 1929 was rather different from real Socialism: it contained associations of capitalist peasants (rich farmers) and also enterprises owned by foreign capitalists. Bukharin also envisaged Nepmen (native capitalists) "growing" into the "Socialist" system.

When a man visualizes capitalism as peacefully developing and becoming part of Socialism, he naturally foresees a weakening and not a strengthening of the class struggle, particularly between the capitalist and non-capitalist elements of the village. This was Bukharin's stand, who declared in the same pamphlet that the phenomena of struggle "would become more rare and in the end will entirely disappear." (p. 54)

We do not wonder, then, that Bukharin came out against the first Five Year Plan, that he considered it "Utopia," that he advanced the slogan so beloved by the bourgeoisie: "From the bricks of the future one cannot build the factories of today" (revealing an absolute lack of confidence in the constructive forces of the masses under Bolshevik leadership), and that in an article, "Notes of an Economist," published in the Soviet press in October 1928, he declared that "the excessive demands made by the Five Year Plan on the budget make it unreal, and unreality is a very substantial fault."

As we read these statements now, we wonder whether they were mere statements, mere criticism, or *the expression of a plan* which even at that time Bukharin and his associates had elaborated and were preparing to realize through means of conspiracies, kulak revolts, etc. The program of the Bukharin-Trotsky block as revealed at the last trial contained, at any rate, the existence of rich peasants, the existence of concessionaires, the existence of large groups of individual peasants, and the

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functioning of private capitalists as Nepmen. When Stalin said that the right deviationists were "demobilizing the working class" and "making easier the offensive of the capitalist elements against the Soviet power," he possibly fought not only a false theory but also a pernicious capitalist-like program of action.

That the writings of these plotters contained not only a wrong criticism and a wrong forecast, but that the "forecast" is at times a *program* given to the followers to put into operation, is abundantly clear from a pamphlet by Trotsky, entitled, *Problems of the Development of the U.S.S.R.*, completed in April 1931 (published that year in the United States). The pamphlet contains the usual criticism of "bureaucracy," of "abandoning the principles of October," etc. The pamphlet introduces a new word, used in a sense that is the reverse of its direct meaning, namely, "plebiscitary." Trotsky calls the Soviet system a "plebiscitary regime" and "plebiscitary apparatus"—but this terminology is not the important thing. The important thing is that he believes that it will be possible to seize the existing apparatus and use it for Trotskyist purposes. "Between the present function of the apparatus and its possible functions," he says, "the blood of civil war would still have to flow." In other words, he foresees civil war, as the result of which it will be possible to utilize at least part of the apparatus of the Soviets, namely, that in which the Trotskyites will entrench themselves. "The victorious counter-revolution would find precisely in the plebiscitary apparatus the invaluable elements for the establishment of its domination." This was certainly more than a prediction. Similarly it was more than a prediction when Trotsky wrote that the victory of the counter-revolution "would be unthinkable without the passage of decisive sections of the apparatus to the side of the bourgeoisie." This is why Trotsky established connections wtih the bourgeoisie not only in the Soviet Union but also on a world scale.

But will the apparatus yield to counter-revolution? Trotsky argues that a part of it at least has become corrupted. (In other words, he reckons on the corruption that his agents would cause among certain sections of the Soviet's officialdom.) "The Soviet bureaucracy, which represents an amalgam of the upper stratum of the victorious proletariat with broad strata of the overthrown classes, includes in its make-up a mighty agency of world capital." It is on this section of the bureaucracy that he banked. It is these elements that he was eager to win and whose numbers he intended to increase.

There is a dual power, says Trotsky. There were first the capitalists plain and simple, the former manufacturers and bankers, then the bourgeois engineers (Ramzin and others), then Mensheviks and Socialist-Revolutionists. Now these elements are weaker, but the "dual power exists—in the apparatus itself" (Trotsky's agents!). These elements can do much damage. "The wreckers now invest the tempos with an adventurist scope and thereby prepare dangerous crises. The bureaucrats zealously display the shield of Socialism over the collective farms in which the kulaks are hiding. Not only ideological but also organizational tentacles of the counter-revolution have penetrated deeply into the organs of the proletarian dictatorship, assuming a protective coloration." Trotsky writes all this in the form of a criticism, but in reality he gives a description of what his people do and what they ought to do.

Civil war—this is what he envisages. When civil war comes, "state economy will suddenly feel the full force of the political contradictions," meaning that those elements who will be on the other side of the barricades will try to disrupt the Socialist economy. "The management of the trusts would quickly approach the position of private owners or agents of foreign capital, to which many of them would be compelled to turn in their struggle for existence" (especially when induced to do so by Trotsky's agents). That plotter went so far as even to foresee a situation where *army generals* would be in the lead. "Who would occupy the main place at first in the camp of the counter-revolution: the adventurist-Praetorian elements of the type of Tukhachevsky, Bluecher, Budenny, downright refuse of the type of Bessedovsky, or still weightier elements of the type of Ramzin?" (p. 31.) This, says Trotsky, cannot be decided beforehand, but from this "forecast" it is obvious that working among the heads of the army was part of his plan.

Seldom did counter-revolution reveal its cards so openly as did Trotsky in that pamphlet. We may not be wrong in assuming that the program was a bid to the other counter-revolutionists to join with him on a common platform. The organizational consummation of the plot, as we know, took place in 1932.

When soft-hearted liberals step forth now and begin to bemoan the fate of these traitors, we can only say to them: Read carefully the works of these people and you will be convinced that their actions were only one step further in the direction clearly indicated by their writings.

Rhymes for 1938

(Dedicated to those of my friends, writers, artists, intellectuals, who although anti-fascist abstain from anti fascist action.)

Oh, see the new tenants of the ivory towers
Dedicated to culture with all their powers,
Who only sigh as time bongs the fascist hours.

Oh, listen to their ultra-cultured snores
And read the mottoes on their ivory doors:
"Herein Breathes An Anti-Fascist Who Only Jaws."

In fact an anti-fascist who knows: Democracy is a Cause.
But as to action says, "Oh please? Suppose? Let's pause?
Consider? Ahem? What can we do? You see? Because?"

"Anti-fascist? Oh yes and yes, and yes indeed.
We know that the Oppressed Masses are in need
And also, Humanity and Culture burn and bleed."

"But what? Join Committees and things?
Not now. We've books to write, paints to sling.
Our works of art for all Men will sing."

Oh yeah! Oh yeah? And like fun!
In Italy they put you on the run.
On the Lipari Isles you take the sun.

And in brown shirt Germany as well
In concentration camps you rot and smell,
Or in exile remember your fatherland's a hell.

Oh, see the new tenants of the ivory towers
Americans who know: Democracy is a Cause.
But as to action say: "Wait? Suppose? Let's pause."
Oh, see the new tenants of the ivory towers.

BENJAMIN APPEL.

★ ★ ★

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READERS' FORUM

Hemingway and the Italians

TO THE NEW MASSES:

THE first issue of the new magazine, *Ken,* surprised me exceedingly with regard to Ernest Hemingway. First, because I do not understand how a liberal and anti-fascist writer can be the star feature of a double-dealing magazine which calls loyalist Spain (for which Hemingway has fought), China, and the Soviet Union the "black plague." Second, because of Hemingway's article itself. It is on this second point that I take issue. Undoubtedly, Hemingway set out to write an anti-fascist article, but when I read the finished product I turned away with chagrin and disappointment. It is apparently the intent of the article to point out a conclusion, with which I fully agree: that fascist Italy is the weakest link in the fascist chain, that it is on this link that the forces of democracy must deliver their hammer blows, and that the place for concentrating this attack on fascism is Spain. This is clear observation and sound reasoning.

However, the intent of the article is vitiated by false argumentation, and precisely because his arguments are wrong his conclusion loses much of its effect. Mr. Hemingway not only omits the role that the Italian people must play as a factor—the main factor—in the struggle against the fascist regime and for its overthrow, but his contemptuous attitude towards the Italian people plays into the hands of fascist demagogy and chauvinism.

He states he has "seen too much of that great, spouting, roaring murder that Italians love to do (see little Mussolini's book) when they think nobody will come a-murdering back; to believe that fascism has strengthened their characters very much."

He continues: "No, they are still Italians. They are the ones who are afraid to die and still want to be soldiers (you can be afraid to die and not want to be a soldier and still be a good one); and they still cry and moan for 'Mama mia' when they're hit."

Need one defend the Italians, as a people, against such vilifying? Hemingway is defeating his own purpose with his own hands. Simple logic should make him realize that while the pressure of the democratic forces of the world and defeat of the Italian army in Spain should be considered as the first deadly blows to fascism, its complete defeat will have to be brought about by the Italian people in their homeland.

It is obvious that a blow against the Italian army in Spain would have great repercussions in Italy. The many hundreds of Italy's sons, fighting under the banner of the Garibaldian traditions in Spain are not only motivated by a central reason—defense of Spanish democracy—but by another reason as well. They know that on the fields of Spain they are fighting at the same time the fight of the Italian people.

Mr. Hemingway does not see this. Instead of conceiving of the Italian people as a positive factor in the struggle against the fascist regime, he sees only—"five hundred out of a nation"; he does not see the nation that sent under such terrific difficulties, the five hundred and many hundreds more. Hemingway, by employing such arguments gives rope to the hangmen of the Italian people. He gives ammunition to fascism.

In his analysis, he disregards completely the economic and social conditions of the country, the role of labor, of the peasantry, of the anti-fascist forces growing up in Italy. He ignores the increasing anti-regime sentiment of the masses that grows out of dissatisfaction with Mussolini's policy as to the rape of Austria by Nazi Germany, the dissatisfaction arising out of the conquest of Ethiopia and the invasion of Spain. The historic revolutionary traditions of the Italian people are completely ignored. Mr. Hemingway shows that he has no faith in these people. He feels contempt for them. All his arguments that seemingly lead to a common aim that we have with him, the defeat of fascism, can be summarized in one conception, *i. e.,* it is easy to defeat Italy for the simple reason that the Italian people are a cowardly people who have never produced good soldiers, "not even in Caesar's time." To prove that, he goes so far as to take the example of Caporetto, without analyzing the causes of that defeat.

Let us follow Hemingway's logic further. Why are not the Italians good soldiers? Why are the Italian people a herd of cowards, with the exception of the five hundred fighters on the side of the loyalists and maybe some fifty thousand in Italy itself, plus some contingents of Alpine troops? What is it that gives these fifty thousand a superior quality of soldiers? Is it because of the atmosphere of the Alps? Is it because of some peculiarity in the nervous system, made strong by peculiar surroundings? Is it because, as stated by German propagandists during the World War, the Italians of the North, of the seven communes, specifically, have in them some Teutonic blood? Following this line of reasoning, Mr. Hemingway himself can see to what nonsense his type of logic leads.

The fact that Mussolini did not succeed in transforming the character of the Italian people, is not that enough proof that there is something healthy in the Italian people, that these people can appear as a herd of cowards when they do not intend to fight for a cause they do not feel and that precisely this refusal to fight is a sign of a healthy strength?

Mr. Hemingway admits that there are exceptions. The five hundred, for example, fighting on the loyalist side. Are they fighting on the loyalist side because they are not part and parcel of the Italian people? The case is just the opposite. They are good soldiers because they understand what they are fighting for, because they represent the aspirations, the anti-fascist cause of the Italian people, of which they are part and parcel.

Hemingway wants the defeat of Italian fascism. Good. That is what I want. But instead of appealing to the Italian people, demonstrating his solidarity in their struggle against the barbarous fascist regime, he insults them, using arguments taken out of the garbage can of chauvinism, as expressed in the last World War and further developed by the "theoreticians" of fascism. We American anti-fascists of Italian extraction fight fascism and will continue to fight fascism with the aim of breaking the chains of exploitation of the Italian people. We anti-fascist Americans of Italian extraction are working to win the Italian people to our side against the fascist regime. That is what the Garibaldi Battalion tried successfully at Guadalajara. We are not Mohammedans who wait for the automatic collapse of the fascist dictatorship, nor do we play all our cards on outside help. We are firmly convinced that it is by the blows of the Italian people that fascism will be overthrown in Italy. The revolutionary traditions of the Italian people are not dead. Nor are the good soldiering traditions dead, as proven by those thousands of heroes who for centuries fought against foreign invasion, foreign occupation, and finally won the battle of Italian independence.

Hemingway's arguments do not persuade the Italian people to break away from fascist influence. On the contrary, they strengthen Mussolini's chauvinistic arguments. If Hemingway would have given more thought to the question, he would have found that the Versailles Treaty, by which the strongest capitalist countries swallowed the greatest part of the spoils, played a big part in Mussolini's demagogy, in his continuous threats to France and Great Britain, in fostering the revenge spirit that has deepened among large masses of Italian people, especially in the ranks of the middle classes.

Furthermore, Mr. Hemingway forgets that there are from four to five million Italians in the United States, in which the struggle between the forces of reaction and democracy is sharpening. He forgets that among these four to five million, the agents of fascism, Hearst, and other reactionaries, are very active. The winning of these millions to the progressive forces, cannot be brought about by the silly attacks on their racial pride contained in Mr. Hemingway's article. In fact, I would not be a bit surprised to see portions of Mr. Hemingway's article reprinted in the papers of the Italian Hearst, in Generoso Pope's fascist papers in New York City, and used by this Tammany reactionary stooge to arouse the Italians in the United States against loyalist Spain, against the friends of the loyalist Spain, and against American progressives. The problem of the progressive forces is to take away our people from the influence of the reactionaries; to get the millions of Italians lined up against reaction and in support of peace and democracy. Certainly, Mr. Hemingway must see that his article would not influence them in this direction, but would only help drive them into the arms of the reactionaries, the fakers, the fascist demagogues, and Tammany Hall.

I register this criticism not just for the sake of being critical. I register this criticism as an American of Italian extraction and because I am anti-fascist.

I am fully mindful of Hemingway's splendid contributions to the cause of world anti-fascism. My remarks are directed to Ernest Hemingway as a fellow anti-fascist in whose sincerity and loyalty I have the fullest confidence. I am hopeful that we will continue to fight shoulder to shoulder against the common enemy for the defense of world peace and democracy and for the decisive defeat of fascism in Spain, Italy and Germany.

New York City.

VITO MARCANTONIO.

Letters in Brief

The Musicians' Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy advises us that they have received a letter from Segovia, Spanish guitarist, confirming his pro-Franco sympathies. . . . Ambassador Alexander A. Troyanovsky will be the principal speaker at a celebration on the afternoon of April 17, in honor of the tenth anniversary of Biro-Bidjan, the first and only autonomous Jewish territory in the world. The meeting will be held at the Manhattan Opera House, 34th Street and Eighth Avenue, New York City. . . . An all-Mexican program has been arranged by the People's Forum for Saturday, April 23, at 8 p. m., at the New School, 66 West 12th Street, New York City. Dr. Salvadore Mendoza and Roberto Berdecio will speak; Miriam Blecker and The Dance Group have prepared a dance, and Jesus Duron, with S. Fuentes and J. Crespo, will give a piano and vocal recital. Tickets may be had at the Workers' Bookshop.

Selden Rodman, editor of *Common Sense,* takes exception to that part of Granville Hicks' poem in the last literary section of NEW MASSES in which the name of his magazine was coupled with those of *Books* and the *Saturday Review.* "Mr. Hicks' inclusion of *Common Sense* in his Bohemian-reactionary context is less than just," writes Mr. Rodman. . . . The New Theatre League has inaugurated a service to book entertainers for summer resorts. Those interested may apply at the offices of the New Theatre League, 132 West 43rd Street, New York City. . . . The Actors' Repertory Company is now booking parties for *Washington Jitters,* which they will present in association with the Theatre Guild at the Guild Theatre, beginning April 18. The company will be remembered for its productions of *Let Freedom Ring, Hymn to the Rising Sun, Private Hicks,* and *Bury the Dead,* and others.

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BOOK REVIEWS

Proletarian Childhood

UNDER THE OPEN SKY, *by Martin Andersen Nexö. Translated by J. B. C. Watkins. Vanguard Press.* $3.

OF the school of proletarian writers, Martin Andersen Nexö remains after several decades the grandest figure and the most lovable. Surpassed by none in his ability to plumb the depths of that inferno of slums to which unchecked industrialism consigned its workers, and in his clear awareness of causes and cures, he far excels most in his large humanity, his tender comprehension, and, above all, his confident, unquenchable optimism concerning an ultimate future unsullied by poverty and exploitation. If these qualities were welcome when *Pelle the Conqueror* was written, they are desperately needed now. Hence the passage of years brings Nexö's novels closer to us instead of alienating them by distance.

In *Under the Open Sky,* Nexö gives us the story of his childhood, first in the slums of Copenhagen and later on a farm in Bornholm: material upon which he has drawn from time to time for fictional use. Readers of *Pelle* will recognize types and scenes reminiscent of "The Ark" (the slum dwelling in which the hero grew up); presented thus simply as autobiography they are even more moving. "I have often had to laugh when people have complained of my crass realism," says Nexö. "If they only knew what the reality was like! If I had described the episodes in question as I actually experienced them, I should have been hissed—perhaps stoned—out of existence." Yet he does not stress the bizarre or sensational. Rather it is the weary attrition of a daily struggle with malnutrition, crowded living, illness, and childish fears which he makes us share with the Martin Andersen of sixty years ago. The tone is not plangent; but these are the general conditions which necessarily determine incident and description.

As Nexö looks back with his present sharpened vision and understanding, he sees the relations of things which were, of course, hidden from the child's sight. Then he was merely aware, for instance, that at a certain period his mother did not have to work, that his father came home proudly with his wages on Saturday night instead of wasting what little he had (out of illogical but very human shame at their inadequacy) in the tavern; that his parents could afford a few little pleasures and that the children breathed freely because there was no more drunkenness and violence to be feared when the father came home. Now he understands that this little interlude of comparative peace was caused by vast international issues and events unknown to his family at the time: the flood of spending and investment resulting from the payment of reparations by France to Germany in 1871 had helped to lift his family for a brief time from the marshy flats of the worst poverty; the ensuing ebb brought back the familiar round of hunger, illness, and drunkenness. The child's world, vividly protrayed as it is in every intimate detail, is related to the great world outside which shaped it.

Nexö's awareness of class provides him with the theme of much reminiscent illumination. "Someone or other—Ellen Key, I think—has called the nineteenth century 'the century of the child,'" he says. "This is one of the fair falsehoods in which liberalism in its heyday was so rich; in reality no age has been so cruel to the child as the age of industrialism, which finally—in order not to exterminate it altogether—was forced to legislate against itself. . . . The children of the 'century of the child' had, as a rule, to live their childhood without knowing what it means, humanly speaking, to have a father. He—'the man' as my little sister called Father—left home at four o'clock in the morning; when the children awakened, he had long been gone. And when he returned in the evening, the mother had usually seen to it that they were out of the way; one never knew, of course, what state he might be in. . . . It would be difficult for any very cordial relationship to spring out of this; he remained a stranger—'the man.'"

We need to be reminded of these distinctions. The pertinent and illuminating digressions in Nexö's autobiography provide a commentary on his novels, in which for artistic reasons they could not appropriately be included. The publication of this excellent translation (for which we are indebted to J. B. C. Watkins) will win increased admiration and affection for this son of the Danish working class whose art belongs to the whole world.

Hyman Warsager

MARGARET SCHLAUCH.

Robespierre and Psychoanalysis

ROBESPIERRE, THE INCORRUPTIBLE, by Friedrich Sieburg. *Translated by John Dilke. Robert M. McBride & Co.* $3.

HISTORIANS of the French Revolution have varied drastically in their appraisal of Robespierre. His admirers from Babeuf to Mathiez eulogized him as the great revolutionist who aimed at social and economic equality. His detractors, from Michelet to Aulard, regarded him as a narrow "scribe" and "priest" and as a scheming politician without courage. Perhaps the most judicious estimate of him was given by Marat. Robespierre, he said, had the "enlightened ideas of a wise legislator," the "uprightness of a gentleman and the zeal of a patriot," but he lacked both the audacity and vision of a statesman.

The biography now under review is in the tradition of detraction. Mr. Sieburg's Robespierre is a deistic Pope and a narrow dogmatist, who tried to apply the metaphysical "general will" of Rousseau to practical politics, and who for the sake of this idea slew his fellow citizens.

Mr. Sieburg presents a Freudian interpretation of the great Jacobin leader: Robespierre was inhibited, perhaps impotent. Hence his moral severity, his rectitude, his puritanic ways, his self-righteousness and asceticism; hence his contempt for dandies and libertines and for the brilliant Girondist intellectuals, the revolutionists of the salon. Robespierre, says the author, yearned for a carefree life, but he could not let himself go. Instead of driving home from some restaurant or brothel, like some of his colleagues in the government, he worked at home through the night on his speeches and reports, or contented himself with a short walk on the boulevard, accompanied by his fiancée, Eléonore Duplay. Robespierre was a sad man, in a sense, an introvert. The extermination of his opponents was not the culmination of an irreconcilable clash over politics, but was motivated by a secret thirst for revenge on those who were happy and enjoyed themselves.

The policy of the "Terror" was Robespierre's, contends Mr. Sieburg. On him must be heaped all the blame for the excesses committed by corrupt and unscrupulous politicians like Tallien, Barras, and Fouché. The inhuman policy was endured by France only as long as it was menaced by foreign enemies. But the victory of French arms sounded the death-

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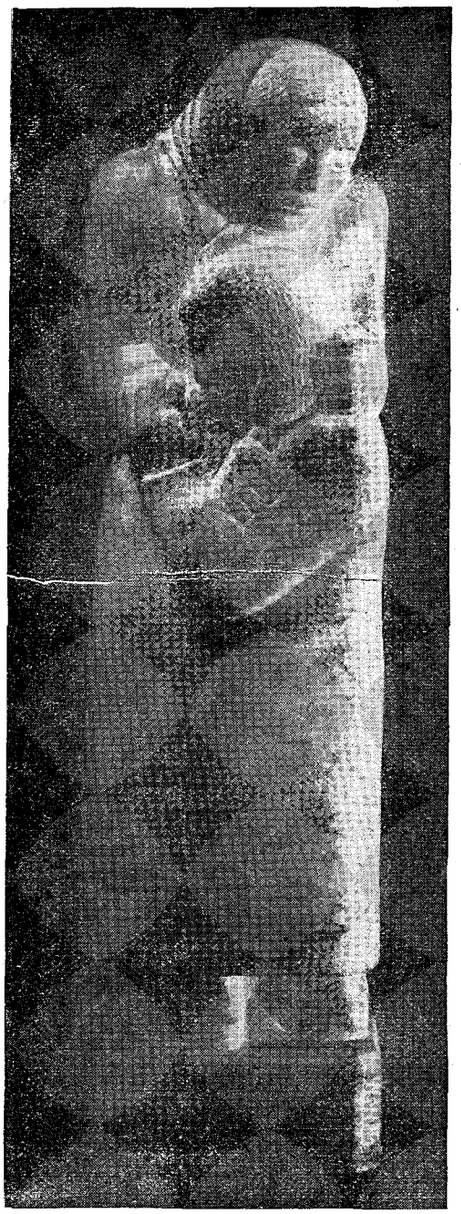
knell both of the "Terror" and of its high priest.

This picture is wrong on many counts, of which only a few can be specified. In the first place, Robespierre was not the bloody dictator that the author has painted; he disapproved of the ruthless policies of Fouché in Lyons and of Carrier in Nantes. His opinions were accepted in the Convention and in the Committee of Public Safety because he was perhaps their most influential member, because he had succeeded in identifying himself with the cause of the Revolution.

In the second place, the Girondins were persecuted not because Robespierre was envious of their worldliness and of their intellectual attainments, as Mr. Sieburg maintains, but because they stood for federalism and for middle class rule as against the urban masses whom they hated, while the Mountainists, whose apparent spokesman Robespierre was, were for the dictatorship of Paris and championed the cause of the dispossessed and disfranchised.

In the third place, Robespierre's quarrel with Danton was not based on jealousy, as the author would have us believe. It was not a struggle for personal hegemony. Babeuf, who had a much clearer insight into the sordid politics in the Revolution than Mr. Sieburg, observed in No. 40 of his *Tribun du Peuple* that Danton was "the protector of all those who were eager for the republic of the rich," who wished to use the Revolution to acquire "gold, property, estates, palaces, beautiful mistresses, and all pleasures put together." At the time of Danton's trial people wondered how such an affable, easy-going, and courageous leader who had helped save the Revolution could conspire to overthrow it. That was not possible, they said, and they denied the veracity of the charges. Even today, in the face of the careful researches of a Mathiez, Eugene Lyons waxes melancholic over the good Danton who had been unjustly guillotined by his fanatical rival, and Mr. Sieburg states dogmatically that the evidence against Danton was "flimsy." But the investigations of Mathiez have shown that Danton was a coarse and unprincipled politician who had surrounded himself with rascals and low company, who had enriched friends at the expense of the treasury, when he was minister, and who had no scruples about filling his own pockets, even if it meant being in the pay of the court. Armed with abundant documentary evidence, Mathiez concludes that "Danton was behind all the intrigues of the profiteers as well as behind all the intrigues of the counter-revolutionists," that he was "linked by visible threads with all the suspected agents of espionage and counter-espionage of the bankers and gamblers." Danton died because he represented the base and corrupt elements in the Revolution, because he plotted to overthrow the revolutionary government and to institute the reign of the *nouveaux riches.*

What was the cause of Robespierre's downfall? We cannot accept Mr. Sieburg's explanation that Robespierre wished to impose through



Sculpture by Maurice Glickman (Federal Art Gallery)

"Destitute"

intimidation the reign of virtue on a people that refused to be virtuous, for the Jacobin dictatorship was not a personal instrument of government but that of a party. Policies were framed not by him alone but by the Committee of Public Safety as a whole. It is our opinion that Robespierre's fall may be attributed to his weakness as a politician and to the inadequacy of his petty-bourgeois program. Robespierre was somewhat unworldly. He did not know how to be on friendly terms with men, how to use them to advantage. Moreover, his petty-bourgeois theories blinded him to the aspirations of the *Enragés* and their proletarian following, aspirations which Babeuf later gave a definite form. By decapitating the leaders of the revolutionary left, he alienated the support of the urban masses and thwarted the social aims of the Revolution. By imposing the maximum on wages he aroused the hostility of the workers to his regime. These did not stir to defend him against the vulgar

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opportunists who, with his fall, inaugurated what Engels appropriately described as "the bourgeois orgy." SAMUEL BERNSTEIN.

Lynch Terror

JUDGE LYNCH: HIS FIRST HUNDRED YEARS, *by Frank Shay. Ives, Washburn.* $2.50.

IT does seem incredible to most Americans, and certainly to the average European, that anti-lynching legislation cannot become an eventuality in the United States. Perhaps one of the reasons has been that not enough has actually been known about the historical Hanging Judge. There have been accounts, which were either overly emotional, merely sociological, or dated, such as Walter White's *Rope and Faggot,* Arthur Raper's *Tragedy of Lynching,* and Cutler's *Lynch Law.* Frank Shay has now written a book about the real Judge which is well documented as well as easy to read. If I had the means, I would see to it that a copy got into the hands of every American, and I would include the children, who so often make up a large part of the spectator mob.

This book omits nothing of importance. There is an account of the real Charles Lynch; distinctions are made between this Lynch and the legendary Judge. In the early part of his description of Judge Lynch's bloody career, Shay finds it necessary to examine the historical and economic events centering around David Walker's *Appeal* and the pre-war slave revolts to show how "the southern ground was being prepared for the advent of Judge Lynch." Shay is right, too, in placing the barbarities of frontier justice in their proper setting and in their connections with the beginnings of the Klan, the Lovejoy and McIntosh cases. He concludes that by 1860 the ground was fully prepared, and that by this year lynching had disgraced every one of the slave states and many of the free states.

The "vilest of modern practices" has its legendary and its gory facts, all of which are woven into an unforgettable pattern here. We are told why it is not "possible to codify the great body of offenses coming within the purview of Judge Lynch's activities." We learn that in hundreds of cases, this all-high Judge has reversed the lower courts. Many readers will be shocked to learn that some of the capital offenses—among hundreds—in Judge Lynch's courts are: "activities in politics," "too uppity," "too prosperous," "not turning out of the road for white boy in auto," "riding in train with white passengers," "voodooism," "enticing a servant away," "insanity," "being the brother or sister of the person accused of the crime," "burglary," and "being unpopular." Many will not believe that in 1918, after the Armistice, as many as ten veterans —only that number were recorded—were lynched.

No section of the country has escaped the tentacles of the Hanging Judge. Some parts of

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General Secretary, Communist Party, U. S. A.

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the country have special lynch techniques, such as cutting off ears, fingers, cutting the heart and liver to pieces, slitting open pregnant women's bellies and stomping the unborn babies to death. In other parts of the country—Mr. Shay cites the burning of Claude Neal, the mutilation of Frank Norman, Eugene Poulnot, and Joseph Shoemaker—like Marianna and Tampa, Fla., the air is always filled with the virus of lynch terror. The lynchings of Frank Little in Butter, Mont., and Wesley Everest in Centralia, Wash., attest to the wide territory to which the Judge's rope extends, especially when the organization of workers is being combated by the employers.

Shay tells the whole story with sledge-hammer blows. He wants us to know that "the basis of lynching Negroes in the South is so obvious: the law of Judge Lynch is invoked to keep the black in his economic and cultural place." It won't be pleasant to learn the gall-covered truth that "the lynch spirit is not the monopoly of the South; it is firmly fixed in our national psychology." If Americans had known these truths all along, there might well have resulted the "awakened public consciousness of the evil" which Shay believes is the only "effective curb." That is why the fight to enact anti-lynching legislation, in this session of Congress, must go on with renewed vigor. And one way is the spreading of the message in this book. EUGENE HOLMES.

Dr. Williams' Realism

LIFE ALONG THE PASSAIC RIVER, *by William Carlos Williams. New Directions.* $1.75.

THERE could be no better, no more positive answer to those critics who these days are busily expounding the theory that the tradition of realism is dead than this new collection of stories by Dr. Williams. And if by any chance you have been reading the astonishing hocus-pocus which, as a result of this theory, has appeared here and there lately under the name of fiction, stories written with the most artificial motive possible, namely, to form the literature of th. .sumably more modern tradition of allegory, then this collection of nineteen stories will seem to you particularly fresh, particularly important. Like Williams' earlier books, *White Mule* and *In the American Grain,* it is a reassertion of the vitality of the only great tradition in American prose; indeed, it makes one feel that realism, far from being dead, is only now coming into its fullest expression as art.

As uninterested in neurotic psychology as he is in esoteric models, Dr. Williams never lifts his eyes from the visible features of the immediate American present, from the malformations on the political body of America. Prose like that of the title story—a description of the scene of most of the stories, the dreary mill towns along the Passaic—is great because it is keen in its selection of telling detail, exact in its presentation of the detail, wonderfully precise and evocative in the picture which the detail composes. The man who writes with this accuracy and with this complete knowledge of his material is no scientist by accident: precision in the handling of material is bred in his bones. And when, in stories like "The Use of Force," or "The Girl with a Pimply Face," action, inevitable to the conditions of living in the setting, dramatize the setting in terms of the individual, then this precision attains truly great narrative expression.

For Dr. Williams lays bare with a surgeon's skill the heart of the life he describes. Naturally, the accuracy of his performance is directly related to the sharpness of his diagnosis. Here is that diagnosis, from "Jean Beicke," the most moving story in the book:

> I called up the ear man and he came down at once. A clear miss, he said. I think if we'd gone in there earlier, we'd have saved her.
>
> For what? said I. Vote the straight Communist ticket.
>
> Would it make us any dumber? said the ear man.

And this assumption exists behind every picture Williams presents. He is perfectly aware of the irony of saving lives at all in a society which does its best to destroy life:

> I often kid the girls. Why not? I look at some miserable specimens they've dolled up for me when I make the rounds in the morning and I tell them: Give it an enema, maybe it will get well and grow up into a cheap prostitute or something. The country needs you, brat.

If you must have a "fable," read "The Dawn of Another Day"; for you can see here, if you wish, in this story of the love of a white man for a colored woman the symbol of Dr. Williams' own political adjustment, springing inevitably from his deep sympathy for human beings, for the labor-scarred masses, and bringing with it the awareness that his own strength as an individual comes alone from this identification of himself with the large and vital forces of the masses. You can see it all through these stories; take this, for instance, from "A Night in June," a story dealing, significantly enough, with a woman in labor:

> This woman in her present condition would have seemed repulsive to me ten years ago—now, poor soul, I see her to be as clean as a cow that calves. The flesh of my arm lay against the flesh of her knee gratefully. It was I who was being comforted and soothed.

Aaron Sopher

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I do not mean to suggest that Dr. Williams' ideas ever obstruct the dramatic movement of his stories; they do not. But they are always there, the implicit meaning of his pictures, his actions. And this awareness of the meaning of lives of men and women as they are really being lived prevents him, on the one hand, from wandering off into the fragmentary and neurotic dream experiences of the "fable makers," and, on the other, makes his realistic method significant. For his is not the old bulky, directionless realism of a Dreiser or a Farrell; it is realism directed always by a keen intellectual and emotional perception,—realism, therefore, as sharp as a surgeon's knife.

J. C. PAGE.

Anti-fascist Magazines

THE FIGHT, *American League for Peace and Democracy*. 10 *cents*.
PHOTO-HISTORY, No. 4, *China Reborn*. 25 *cents*.

THESE two publications dramatize the menace of fascism and imply the cure: united resistance.

The *Fight* has devoted its April issue to the war in Spain. These are desperate days for the government in its struggle against the overwhelming supplies and the thousands of troops that have been rushed to Franco by his German and Italian allies. *Fight* reveals the possible results of this aid, results that have far wider implications than the terror indicated by the photographs of bombings and slaughter. They imply more than the menace to what James Waterman Wise calls Spain's "quenchless will to freedom." They imply—and this is the lesson that overwhelms the reader—that the agony of Spain can become the agony of the world.

Photo-History, No. 4, entitled "China Reborn," attempts to present the background and history of the growing unification of China and the resistance to Japanese invasion. Most of the photographs are interesting and well-presented, but the editor's eagerness to cover a wide field has weakened the contents.

Photo-History treats the Chinese war against military fascism without sufficient stress on the international importance of this struggle to defend the integrity of China against foreign domination. One picture and brief mention of the international boycott against Japan, a sentence on collective security, serve to narrow the significance of the international resentment against Japan's adventure. While *Fight* so clearly portrays the threat to world peace, *Photo-History* barely intimates this danger. There is no stress on the immediate necessity to prevent the spread of war through concerted action by the democracies. "China Reborn" remains a picture book with some fine scenes of Soviet China, interesting charts and some excellent descriptive text.

BRUCE MINTON.

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SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

Housing Exhibit and Harriton's Art

ROOFS for forty million Americans, jobs for half as many—these are crying needs of our time. One-third of a nation housed in sub-standard dwellings; only 2 percent of the housing of New York City fit for human habitation by the criteria of modern sanitation and city planning; a quarter of the country's homes without tubs or showers (to take the optimistic figures of the Real Property Inventory), 17 percent without private indoor toilets, 30 percent without gas for cooking, half without furnaces or hot water boilers—this is housing in the land whose billboards boast, "The American standard of living is the highest in the world." These are incontrovertible facts, the very fabric of life of the American people.

The forty million who live in sub-standard dwellings know the facts only too bitterly: the exorbitant rents, the leaking ceilings, the dark "railroad" and "dumbbell" flats, old buildings where fire is an ever-present menace or where the walls may collapse any moment (as they did in Staten Island and more recently on the East Side), filthy toilets in public halls, bathtubs (if any) in kitchens already overcrowded, the three-shift sleeping arrangements of the Harlem "hot bed" system. The list continues: sordid with foul air, dirt, and filth, polluted water supplies, breeding of disease, plus the degradation of human beings deprived of privacy and decent shelter for home and family life. Make no mistake—housing is a major problem of our civilization.

From time to time, various agencies have considered the problem, as shown by the Museum of Modern Art's housing exhibition and the benevolent gesture of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in installing a typical slum tenement in its apse. The character of such enterprises has sometimes been highly specialized and often discouraged in tone beforehand. The title "America Can't Have Housing?" is symptomatic.

Now a new approach has been made to the problem; artists in coöperation have turned their eyes—and their brushes, chisels, printmakers' tools, and cameras—on this cancer of American life. The result is certainly not pretty, and some of it may not be art. But we submit that the exhibition "Roofs for Forty Million," being held at Rockefeller Center under the auspices of An American Group, Inc., for the next two weeks, is one of the most hopeful signs of the American artist's new awareness of reality.

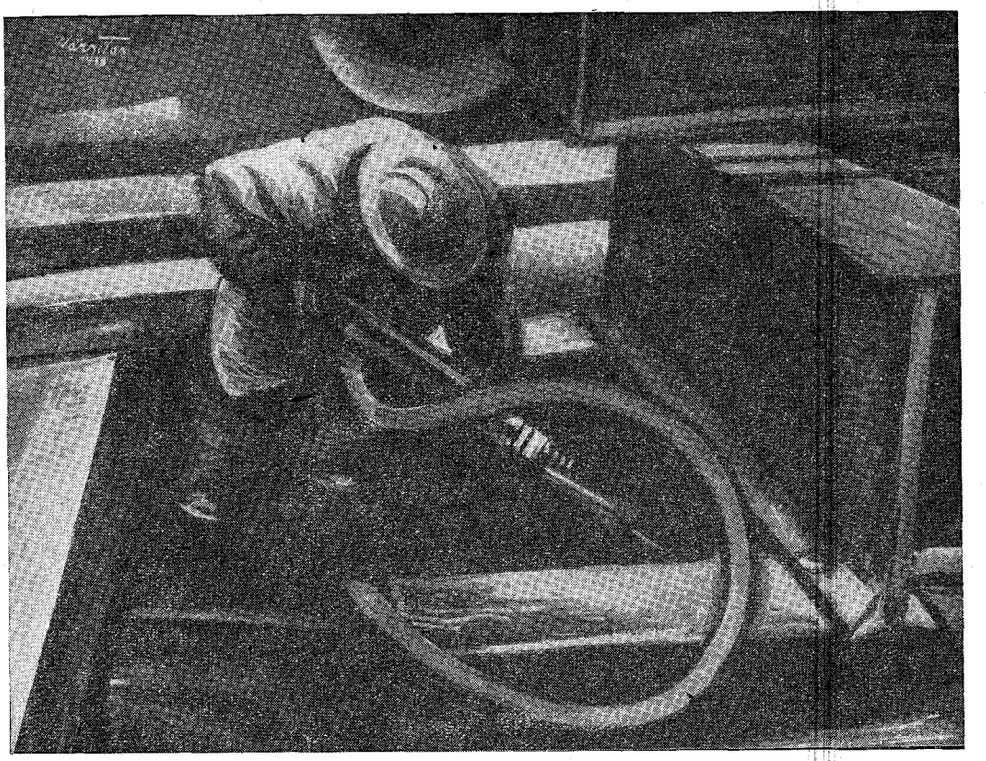
The reason for hope is twofold. First, that artists see the urgency of the housing problem and understand that it is as much a theme for art as a surrealist landscape. Second, that the spirit of the work shown (whether good, bad, or indifferent, and not all the work can be classed as first-rate esthetically) is affirmative and positive. We have had paintings, prints, sculptures, photographs which set forth the facts of social decay. But often the artist stopped there. He recorded a condition, but with an effect of enjoying the rotting timbers, the caved-in roof. To be sure, the efflorescence of decay does possess a strange, morbid beauty. However, to stop with contemplation of this decadent phenomenon is not enough for forward-looking creative workers. They must not only see the abominable fact, but must move on from that point to a program of action.

Generally, the emotion aroused by the hundreds of exhibits included in "Roofs for Forty Million" is strong and passionate protest against the evils portrayed. Not "how horrible this is!" but "I must do something about this!" is the reaction of the onlooker. Used in this spirit, art can really function as a weapon.

It is impossible to speak specifically of works in the exhibition. However, a number of admirable features should be mentioned. First of all, the exhibition has been organized, financed, and installed by the coöperative efforts of a fairly large group of artists. Second, the exhibition looks remarkably well, especially in view of the tremendous amount of material gotten into the seventh-floor galleries of La Maison Francaise, 610 Fifth Ave., New York City. The simple composition board façade at the entrance is effective, and the small room for photographs is particularly happy in design. Third, the exhibition is democratic; no entry fees have been exacted of exhibitors, but expenses are being taken care of by the small admission fee of fifteen cents. For years, artists have argued that the public willingly pays admission to the theater and the movies; why not to exhibitions? Now they have a chance to try out the principle.

A footnote may be added, one trusts, without seeming ungracious. Social subject matter is necessarily realistic and objective. This being the case, the photographs as a group come off better than the other media; they are more concrete and tangible, more dreadful indictments of the horrors of housing in an unplanned society. One does not always feel that the paintings, drawings, prints, and water colors are based on an equal amount of observation. Here, when the artist enters a new field, he incurs new obligations, especially the obligation to discipline himself to a kind of esthetic reëducation. The whole feeling of "Roofs for Forty Million" is so positive and creative that one is confident this step will be taken in the artists' stride.

THE WORK of Abraham Harriton, at the A.C.A. Gallery till April 23, is not as pyrotechnical as that of some of our contemporary social artists; it is probably, for just that reason, far sounder painting. There is nothing in either his oils or gouaches that shouts to attract attention; the pictures speak with a still, small



Driller

Painting by Abraham Harriton (A.C.A. Gallery)

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voice. But it is a true voice and a voice which speaks with knowledge. Though the painting as such is not sensuous or rich, it has its own beauty, a quiet, subdued, gentle honesty of statement.

So convincing is this modest understatement, and so ingratiating, that one hesitates to use Harriton to clinch the point made in regard to *Roofs for Forty Million,* namely, that social artists function best when they talk of things they know best. Nevertheless it is true that *East-Side Interlude, 6th Avenue Employment Agency, Private Enterprise, The Park, Driller,* and *Excavator* speak with greater authority than the Spanish subjects, *Terror of the Skies, Disinherited,* and *They Shall Not Pass.* The powerful emotions of those themes we all share; but precise and surgical knowledge of the facts is needed to implement the artist's brush.

It has been said over and over again that social art must be documented. And critics will have to keep on saying this no matter how much they share the social and political ideas of the artists now trying to beat their brushes into swords. Art does not come only out of good principles; it comes out of knowledge, observation, and discipline. These Harriton has admirably when he works in fields he knows.

ELIZABETH NOBLE.

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A GREAT new deposit of Goldwyn has been uncovered in the Rockefeller claim at Radio City. The name of this bonanza is *The Adventures of Marco Polo.* It is a non-malleable, brassy, tasteless stuff and it does not lend itself to alloy. Particularly, Goldwyn will not combine with hard fact.

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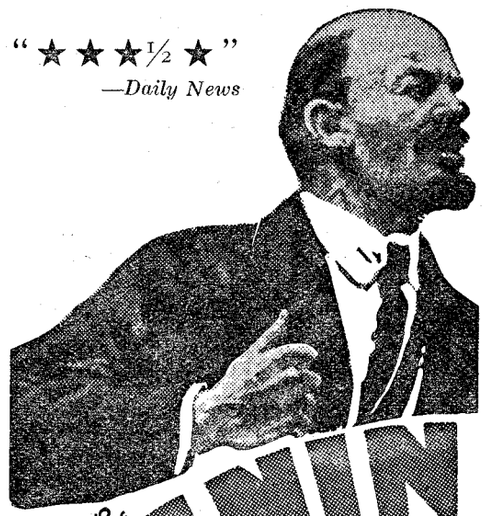

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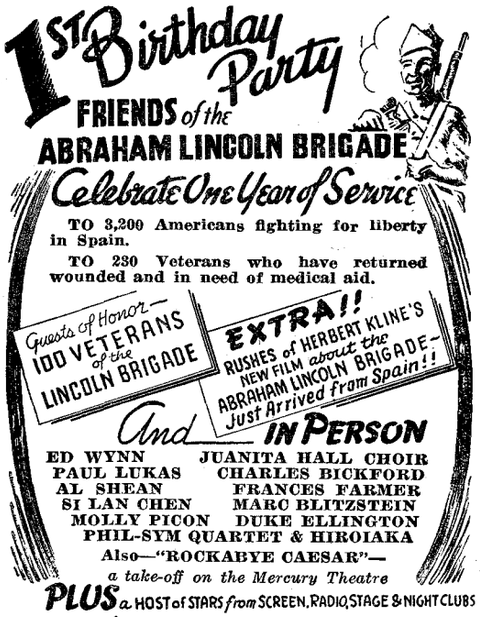
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count of his journey to China, Sam Goldwyn has drawn instead upon his own rich fancy. In his colorful introspection, Sam has been abetted by Robert E. Sherwood, no mean seer himself. Perhaps the boys were piqued at Marco's own showmanship, the old explorer's prowess at adorning truth. If so, they have handsomely taken the challenge. Sam's tale is taller.

Gary Cooper plays Marco; Ernest Truex is his bookkeeper; George Barbier is Kublai Khan; Alan Hale, a rebel chieftain; and Binnie Barnes is his wife. Basil Rathbone is the snake. Gary's kissfool, the daughter of the Khan, is rendered by Goldwyn's celebrated Brooklyn Norwegian, Sigrid Gurie. Nothing like the costumes of the piece have been seen since the last appearance of Mrs. S. Stanwood Menken at the defunct Beaux Arts ball.

Marco Polo is actually a comedy with mob scenes. The explorer is sent from Venice to China where he ingratiates himself with Kublai Khan. Basil Rathbone, an Arab menace who is plotting against the king, has a menagerie of the usual vultures, wild boars, etc., which he nourishes with prisoners dropped from trapdoors. When Marco is caught mugging with the princess, it looks as though he's going to get et. Instead he is sent into Alan Hale's territory to be boiled in oil. He is saved by Hale's queen and is spared as long as he plays a Venetian gigolo for her. Honest, I'm not making this up—it's all in the picture.

Kublai goes off to make war on the Japanese, and Rathbone stays to make the princess. But Gary turns up with Hale's cavalry during the big forced wedding, blows up the gates with some of the new-fangled gunpowder, and drops Rathbone to the hogs. The comic strip is enacted on sets in the Hollywood night club manner; might have been taken in the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese theater, for all I know. It is about as Chinese as a Chinese restaurant. I was greatly disappointed that Eddie Cantor didn't pop up during the

Recently Recommended Plays

Prologue to Glory (Maxine Elliott, N. Y.) Federal Theatre production of E. P. Conkle's play about Lincoln's early life, the affair with Ann Rutledge, and his first steps away from the life of the New Salem country store.

Haiti (Lafayette, N. Y.). Rex Ingram plays the lead in this stirring tale of how one of Toussaint L'Overture's generals foiled Napoleon's attempt to restore slavery in Haiti.

One-Tenth of a Nation (Adelphi, N. Y.). The current issue of The Living Newspaper, headlining the lack of adequate housing for President Roosevelt's 33 1-3 percent, and emphasizing the need for action. Thoroughly documented, witty, and admirably produced.

The Shoemaker's Holiday (National, N. Y.). Alternating with *Julius Caesar* and produced by the Mercury Theatre, Dekker's play represents with vigor and authority the Elizabethan love of life. A bawdy and lusty comedy that must be seen.

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court ceremonies, plugging a theme song.

From the foregoing, the reader may get the idea that I didn't like *The Adventures of Marco Polo.* On the contrary, I found it the most enjoyable study of Chinese history since the last installment of *Terry and the Pirates.*

OF all the kindly movie critics of the boss press, the corps employed by Scripps-Howard are not the least appreciative. When the adjectives foam from their lips it is a pleasing cascade for the advertising department. This is innocent sport, to be sure, but the boys are also in grave danger of acquiring an ideology.

Take the vast, reverberating crescendo of adoration the boys gave to *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs.* From "that Peril of Placidity," down the line to the meanest scrub, they were rapturous. James Thrasher, of the Indianapolis *Times,* wrote: "Unique, a fable incomparably told with technical magic, arre wit, and a warmth of universal understanding." Winsor French, the Cleveland *Press:* "Completely revolutionary." Kaspar Monahan, the Pittsburgh *Press:* "Of such overwhelming charm is the Walt Disney masterpiece that it is unthinkable anyone could possible fail to fall under its magic spell." Westbrook Pegler, himself, got down on his knees and stated with simple piety that it was "the happiest thing since the Armistice."

This leaves me a little bewildered. Here is a picture described by a longshoreman friend of mine on the Chelsea docks as "just a big Mickey Mouse" winning plaudits fit for Shakespeare. How come?

Scribe French gives us a possible clew:

"Disney has opened up limitless new vistas and incredible possibilities, and just at the time when [get ready for my italics—J. D.] *the motion picture industry has been feeling a crying need for new material free from social implications.*"

JAMES DUGAN.

Pre-Anschluss Austrian Music

WITH the Vienna Philharmonic a thing of the past, peculiar interest is attached to its recent recordings, made, of course, before the Nazis' mailed first cracked down. It still lives under the capable hands of Weingartner in Beethoven's First Symphony (Columbia, and preferable to the bombastic Victor version by the Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy) and Bruno Walter—conducting from the piano—in the Mozart D major Concerto, K. 466 (Victor).

Bach: Columbia and Victor each offer a double concerto, the former that for two violins in D minor, with Szigeti and Flesch, the latter that for two pianos in C major, with Artur Schnabel and his son Karl Ulrich. The first tops the previous best set (Menuhin and Enesco, Victor) by a slight margin; the latter

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Mozart: Skipping for the time being Victor's special series of New Friends of Music chamber works (Mozart, Schubert, and Schumann), we have two G minor Symphonies from Columbia. One is the early work, No. 25, K. 183, played by Wallenstein's Sinfonietta in its recording debut. Not at all the orthodox Mozart, it's a real discovery on discs or off; unfortunately it's given a rather harsh and "dead" recording, a real pity for the performance is crisp and assured and the set has the unique merit of including a complete miniature score o fthe music. The big G minor, No. 40, played by the London Philharmonic under Beecham, comes as close to perfection as any orchestral set I know: reading, playing, and recording are not only flawless, but profoundly exciting. Unquestionably this is the outstanding phonographic triumph of the year.

Wagner: If you must have *Parsifal* along with Easter eggs, you can do much worse than with Stokowski's versions of the Prelude and *Good Friday Spell* (Victor). The recording is mightily impressive and the playing remarkably straightforward.

The biggest current item is one that is tantalizing to hear and more tantalizing to write about. Not that it isn't good: the Glyndboure Festival Company and the H.M.V. engineers have done a superb job with the complete—well, practically complete—*Don Giovanni* (Victor, 3 albums), but the work runs to twenty-three discs and sets one back, at list prices, exactly forty-six bucks. The complete —really complete—*St. Matthew Passion* (also 3 Victor albums, No. 2 appearing on the March lists and No. 3 on those for April) will cost $53.00 in toto, but that's not so aggravating, because no true Bachian will want the whole business. The soloists continue to ruin an otherwise commendable performance, but there are perhaps a few individual discs for chorus and orchestra only that are worth buying singly.

ROY GREGG.

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Gentilhomme, in which the brunt of the satire fell nilly-willy on a day-dreaming servant girl. The satire was thin enough, concerning itself with afternoon tea, the hairdressing parlor, and the like; but even this feeble punch was watered by reducing the various episodes involved to the level of imaginative experience on the part of the housemaid. There was nothing profoundly observant in the choreography, nor moving. A cross between slapstick and sugared sentimentality, much in the tradition of Kurt Jooss, stylistically, it aimed obviously but without much success for the magnificent artistry of Charlie Chaplin's mimicry. Trudi Schoop presents a dated kind of animated cartoon in an altogether too lively theatre—and falls a bit flat. At best, *Blonde Marie* was good beer-hall entertainment.

This year, the name of the company has been changed to "Dancing Comedians," but the fare is much the same, if not worse. *Blonde Marie* had a point, however dulled; *All for Love,* the new composition, "in seven tragi-comic episodes" stretches from the classroom to the courthouse to urge that love is all a "romantic illusion." Hollywood or no, with the whole world stirred by the heroic struggles of peoples whose love for life and liberty will not be dampened or destroyed, it is difficult to accept Trudi Schoop's contribution to the cultural scene as anything more than a dilettante preoccupation and completely without positive significance.

For all of the acclaim of the metropolitan critics (music, dance—not theatre), Trudi Schoop's ballet is a distinctly over-rated dance group involved in secondary school pantomime.

It is a bit of a shame that the gifted dancing of Meta Krahn and Edith Carola is lost in such porridge.

OWEN BURKE.

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(Times given are Eastern Standard but all programs listed are on coast-to-coast hookups)

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"Taxes or Bonds?" Discussion by Rep. William Lemke and David Cushman Coyle, economist, under auspices of People's Lobby. Sat., Apr. 16, 5 p.m., C.B.S.

"The School for Scandal." Presentation of Richard B. Sheridan's play, Sat., Apr. 16, 5 p.m., N.B.C. red.

Herbert Morrison. An outstanding leader of the British Labor Party will speak on "The Labor Party in America and England," Tues., Apr. 19, 6:15 p.m., N.B.C. blue.

Prof. Harold D. Lasswell. Address, "America Looks at the Garrison State," by the well known historian and author, Wed., Apr. 20, 7:15 p.m.., C.B.S.

"Julius Caesar." Shakespeare's play presented by the N.B.C. Radio Guild, Fri., Apr. 22, 3 p.m., N.B.C. blue.

World Economic Coöperation Program. Fri., Apr. 22, 4:45 p.m., C.B.S.

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(in near-future issues of New Masses)

When I write or speak of America to people around me, I am obliged to refer to New Masses as I would to a dictionary.

—From a letter from Andre Chenneviere in Paris

HOW MANY of your friends, WYFIPs, have cockeyed ideas about what's wrong with the world because they don't understand what's going on in their own home towns, or even in their own place of business?

Clarity begins at home, and if they want to understand events in Spain, or China, or in Czechoslovakia, it behooves them to dig below the surface and take a look at the *real* America. Tell them this, in your tactful way, and sell them a subscription to New Masses—the up-to-the-minute dictionary of the real America!

Things to Look Up in Near-future Issues

BUS I-NESS—A series of articles on *The Little Business Man*, who he is, where he stands, and where his hope for the future lies.

COM MU-NISTS—An authentic *inside* exposé of the big, bad Reds, telling what Communists do, who they are, how they talk, how the Party works, and plenty of other things old Mr. McNaboe never dreamed of. By Ruth McKenny, whose *Look at Grandma, Dorothy Thompson* you remember from a recent issue.

HOUS ING—An article by Sidney Hill, on the *Housing Crisis*. (Have you been looking for an apartment lately?)

I SO-LA TION—is *the Mother of Militarism*, says Sam Darcy, in a forthcoming article that should be read by everyone who thinks or has friends who think it has anything to do with Peace.

LA BOR—A series of articles on *Labor's Non-Partisan League*, its background, its history, its role in the 1938 elections.

LAW—An article on the problems facing attorneys today, by a well known New York member of the Lawyers Guild.

LIT ER-A-TURE—A study of *John Dos Passos*, by Granville Hicks. And reviews, among other important new books, of Lewis Mumford's *The Culture of Cities*, by Frank Lloyd Wright; of Paul de Kruif's *The Fight for Life*, by Dr. Henry E. Sigerist; Esther Shephard's *Walt Whitman's Pose*, by Newton Arvin; and of George's Seldes's *You Can't Do That*, reviewed by Vito Marcantonio.

ROO SE-VELT—Franklin Delano. An analysis of the Roosevelt administration and the chief political issues facing the country.

IS MY FACE RED to have to report that my wonderful, wonderful WYFIPs have been relaxing the past two weeks. I don't want to gripe when you did such a swell job before that. But what we need is a few more Stakhanovites to get this drive up to 5000 new subs by May 1. Do you want your Uncle Charlie to march at the tail end of the parade? I've planned a swell banner for the WYFIPs—the slogan is just "5000—We Made it!" Don't let's let that banner go to waste.

Yours with an anxious eye on this week's mail,

Charlie Crawfut

Worried Master of the WYFIP Hounders

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